THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY WEEKLY PERIODICAL---Devoted to Literature, Science, Mechanics, Foreign and Domestic News, Agriculture, Education, Finance, Amusements, &c.---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

PUBLISHED BY WM. M. SWAIN & CO., LEDGER BUILDINGS, S. W. CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESNUT STREETS---$1 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XX. PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1862. NO. 45.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE SEA SHELL.

BY W. G. STEWART.

"What is it saying, mother?
Low and plaintive is the voice."
'Tis Salatia's mellow hymn,
Heard when twilight sea is dim,
And herons the dark glistening waters skim.
While fair-haired Nereids in her train rejoice,
The Moon, emerging from the distant deep,
Mounts slowly up the full star-laddered steep,
Casting a silver lake for the sea-nymph's leap.
No threatening storm-cloud's lower,
In this calm, glorious hour,
Frights to her bower
The goddess gay;
She softly glides, with her attendant maids, away.

"What is it saying, mother,
Now in melancholy tone?"
'Tis a book, my boy, of the sea,
An endless oral history
Of all the secrets that deep hidden be
Within the caverns of the mighty zone;
It reads too sadly to my listening ear
Of those embarked on voyages of cheer,
With no presentiment of danger near.
Whom Fate decreed to friends should never more
Return and tread with them the earth's green shore,
But find uncoffined grave,
Where ever-rolling wave
Their bodies lave;
And o'er the dead
No loving hand Spring's fragrant flowers gently spread.

"What is it saying, mother?
Louder sounds the changeful shell."
'Tis ocean's lyre, whose mystic stave
Is inscribed on coral cave;
And when the elements in fury rave,
Like an Æolian harp its echoings swell.
The night grows dark, the winds are trailing round
The northern gables with an ominous sound,
Upon the sea o'er mountain waves they bound,
Drawing with maelstrom power some struggling ship
Into the vortex of their angry grip;
Then as the beast of prey
Its captive lets away
In torturing play,
The unruddered structure passive floats awhile,
Till driven on rocky isle,
There comes a crashing shock,
And while the thunders loud seem human prayers to mock,
Mid ocean's tempest roar,
The precious freight of life sinks down to rise no more.

"What is it saying, mother?
'Tis the tone of muffled bell."
Ah, its tollings strike my heart,
Like a doubly barbed dart,
Making the physical with pain acutest start.
Alas, it is your father's funeral knell!
Long years ago he left his cot to roam
Across the ocean to his boyhood's home,
An aged mother plead with him to come,
That he might kneel her loving form beside,
And take a blessing from her ere she died.
The sun shone bright the day,
The barque in full array,
Sailed swift away,
But ne'er again
Were seen these men
Who flourished kerchiefs from the crowded deck
So soon to be a wreck.
Month after month passed by,
My soul went mourning in unbroken sigh,
Nor consolation knew,
Till God, my child, in mercy looking, sent me you.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

"THIS HEART IS DEAD."

A MELODY.

BY ROCHESTER.

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."—TENNYSON.

This harp is mute; the fairy hand
That touched its magic chords of old,
Hath vanished, and it lieth now
As silent, still and cold.

This heart is dead; to it alike
Is pain or pleasure, joy or wo;
The voice is still that thrilled its chords,
And fired to rapture's glow.

Without a fear, without a hope,
Pleasure and pain alike are fled,
What hath it left to hope or fear,
When grief itself is dead?

Yet sometimes on the whispering gale,
And sometimes o'er the murmuring sea,
Like cadence on a dying strain,
That voice comes back to me.

This heart is dead; within this urn
Where fires of passion uncontrolled
Once burned, the ashes now repose,
No marble half so cold.

Yet sometimes when the evening wind
Is whispering plaintively and low,
Methinks that I can hear therein,
A voice of long ago.

This heart is dead; for her it lived,
With her it died; therein no more
Shall love or passion ere revive
For ever, evermore.

Philad'a, Oct. 25, 1862.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

THE SKELETON IN THE HOUSE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILA.]

BY SYDNEY HOLMAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE EBONY CASKET," "UNSERHEIM," ETC.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

Robert Gaunt continued his walk, an habitual practice with him when abstracted. That his thoughts had nothing to do with the wedding which was to be, Sarah Alt had rightly judged. The world called Robert Gaunt a selfish man, perhaps truthfully. That he was a just one, no one ever doubted. Whether he was capable of making another as dear to his ambition and efforts as he himself was, he alone knew. A man who, if he loved or hated, would love or hate as he thought or worked, with a resistless force, a cool, stubborn determination of will that never failed of success. What his character was, however, few people in Orth, least of all Sarah Alt or her mother, thought it worth while to consider. For Gaunt had been born poor, had worked as a farm laborer, although belonging to one of the proudest families in the county, and consequently by Mrs. Alt, who shared in the love of "gentility" which no weak-minded woman is without, he was regarded with a sort of patronizing favor, as a poor relation likely to rise in the world. His life had been uneventful enough. Left an orphan, dependent on his own exertions, he had plodded through the years of his boyhood, quietly and steadily gaining for himself an education more liberal than that of the sons of wealthy farmers—had worked by day and night to fit himself for the profession which his talents pointed to, that of a topographical engineer. A year before, he had obtained employment in this new capacity, and then had applied for a situation under Government. Successful in gaining this, he had returned home the day before, and had come to pay his first visit to his only relatives.

An hour passed after he was left alone. The noise in the house of hurrying to and fro, of laughter and scraps of merry songs from strange voices, had increased. Now it grew quiet again, the guests had gathered in the parlor, the windows of which opened on to the lawn on the opposite side of the house from that in which he now was. Leaving the Room, Robert Gaunt passed along the narrow passage. The door of the kitchen was open, where, in front of a huge fire, Aunt Jeptha swayed a long iron spoon, guiding and directing the motions of her two deputies, and the steaming and roasting going on in innumerable saucepans and ovens. Robert paused and looked in at the cloudy scene, over which hung a vapor redolent of savory smells.

"Aunt Jeptha," he called, in a fresh, kindly tone, which contrasted strangely with that which he had used towards Sarah Alt.

The tall, thin figure of the old black woman emerged from the hot fog and came towards him.

"I am famishing, Aunt Jeptha; I have walked six miles this morning. Send me my breakfast to the room I used to work in, in the upper gallery, out of the reach of all these people; I must go to Hurlsworth in an hour."

"I will, Mass' Robert. And you shall have some of the cakes you used to like when you was a boy."

Robert laughed. "Thank you, Aunt Jeptha, you always thought me the best of the Gaunts, I believe, if feeding with cakes would be a proof."

"No," said the old woman, surlily. "Dar's one like you, only better, far."

A curious change of expression came over the young man's face.

"Oh, well, send the cakes and breakfast at any rate," and he passed along the hall.

Old Jeptha returned to her incantations over the fire, looking not unlike one of Macbeth's witches. Robert Gaunt, with the familiar step of one accustomed to the house since boyhood, hurried through the halls, where he was in danger of meeting the guests, and ascending a flight of stairs, entered a long, wooden gallery, which ran along one side of the eastern gable. Two rooms opened into this gallery, into one of which Robert entered. There was something odd in the appearance of the room, something which differed so widely in its furnishing from the litter of carpenter's tools and shavings which he had been accustomed to see in the days when he had used it for an amateur workshop, that Robert looked curiously around him before entering. Plain enough now, almost as poor and bare as in the workshop days. But the pine floor was white as pine boards could glisten, neither dust nor cobwebs hung from the carved oak panels, which gave an antique, sombre air to the apartment. A small fire burned in the grate; beside it stood a small table, covered with a coarse red cloth, a single chair beside it, a little low chair with a home-made cushion. Upon the table lay piles of women's work, not delicate embroidery nor fancy sewing, but strong, thick garments, ready for the needle, smoothly folded. That was all, if we except an iron key that lay beside the little thimble, and two or three vases of brown ware filled with golden asters, gleaming out from the dark green leaves, dahlias with a glow like ruby wine in their crimson hearts, rich autumn wild flowers of royal purple and scarlet that gave a brilliant tint of color to the room. After a moment's inspection, Robert Gaunt entered, and, though still rather mystified as to the present ownership of the room, proceeded to renew his ancient claim of possession. He drew the little table closer to the light, stirred the fire to a glowing blaze, and then brought from the gallery outside a straw chair, which he immediately appropriated to his use, glancing meanwhile curiously at the little cushioned seat on the other side of the table, which he scrupulously refrained from touching. Drawing a small blank book from one pocket, and a pencil from the other, he bent over it and was soon apparently lost in calculation.

Nothing broke the silence for a half an hour except the slow crackling of the fire and the rain-drops on the window-glass. Then a slight noise in the garden below roused him. He laid down his book and walked to the window. Only Agatha out in the kitchen garden, gathering herbs for some occult mysteries of cooking. The rain was still lightly falling, and the clouds sweeping lower and grayer on the horizon promised no gleam of sunshine.

Gaunt, perhaps from idleness or weariness of his work, did not return to it, but stood looking out at the heavily-shadowed landscape, the trees dripping with rain, the forlorn barn-yard fowls hiding under the bushes. His cousin went in and out among these bushes like a little brown bird, stooping now and then to gather the wet leaves, which she deposited in her basket, quite regardless of the rain which wet her head and shoulders.

"Agatha," he called at last, in a tone of authority. She looked up, startled at seeing him ensconced in her own particular hiding-place. "Agatha, take those herbs in and come up here."

"Yes, cousin Robert," she answered, quietly, and, without stooping again, passed into the house and disappeared.

Robert Gaunt resumed his writing, and did not look up when the young girl entered the room. She went to the fire, and kneeling down, held out her hands, which trembled slightly with the damp cold, towards the charred embers.

"Is the wedding over?" asked her cousin, glancing up from his book.

"No. They are about to commence the ceremony now," she answered, still looking in the fire.

"Why are you not there, little girl?" he demanded, after a pause.

She shook her head slowly, but did not speak.

"They will miss you," he added, with a half smile upon his lips.

"No," she simply said, half to herself. She let her hands fall clasped upon her lap, while, half sitting, half kneeling, she looked dreamily into the fire. Her cousin wrote on in silence. At last his hand wandered from the long list of figures in his book, and he began idly to sketch faces upon a waste sheet of paper. Faces, old and young, careworn and lit with smiles, yet always the same face after all—always the same pure, clear, sad light in the eyes; the same touching smile upon the lips. A baby's face, looking up with an innocent pleading—a girl's, with a chance ray of arch humor—a woman's, deadly pale, chiselled into sharper lines by keen pain, but with its serene peace more profound and clear. Always the same. Where was the model for this face, most saintly, yet most womanly? Why did it so haunt the young man that he sketched it again and again, bending over it with eager interest? Once, when he drew the rough outlines of a female figure crouching on the earth, the head bowed, the face [*that* face] hidden in the hands in an attitude of an unspeakable desolation, he sat long regarding it, with eyes full of tears. An almost unknown sign of feeling in Robert Gaunt. Looking at it, his pencil impatiently tapping on the table in doubt, indecision. Suddenly, stooping over the paper, he began another sketch. It was something curious to watch how intently his own dark and stern face glowed and lighted over this trifling paper with its idle pencil sketches, as if the half-effaced lines were sybilistic and therein he read some strange story of future life. Now his fingers moved quicker than before, the strokes fell from the pencil with a certain force and energy. As he drew, a smile curved the thin lips, a proud, defiant smile, yet one infinitely tender. What face could call up that unwonted token of the covered depths of Robert Gaunt's heart? The same face still, but illumined through all its quiet pathos with a new light of tremulous joy, a sudden flashing of passionate love; the same figure, but now no longer crouching on the ground, but lifted proudly up, erect, the head bent in voluntary submission. Robert Gaunt looked long at the picture, when he had finished it, with the air of a man who has accomplished some long-premised good, and stops to look forward now ere he seizes it, to tantalize himself with the pictured prophecy of that which he knows shall surely come—looked long and steadily, then, his face gleaming with a stronger, prouder will, he folded the paper slowly and placed it in his breast pocket. Who would have suspected the hard, practical Robert Gaunt of so idle a half hour? He turned now, as if for relaxation, to his little cousin kneeling before the fire.

"Agatha, are you dry and warm now?"

"Yes, cousin Robert."

"Take your chair and sit down then. It is your chair, is it not? This is your room?"

"Yes, this is mine—I work here."

"I thought so. What work is this?" touching, as he spoke, the large piles of unfinished garments.

She colored painfully, twisted her fingers together in her old childish way, but did not speak.

"I know," he said, "it is work for which you are paid. Have I guessed right?" His tone relieved her by its coolness.

"Do not tell my mother, nor Sarah, cousin Robert."

"No. Why do you not sit down?"

She took the chair, and drew it aside out of his sight. He turned and looked at her.

"Agatha."

"Yes, cousin Robert."

"Why do you draw your chair behind mine? You are not afraid of me?"

"No, I am not afraid, cousin Robert."

"Cousin Robert! Say Robert, little girl. Do you remember this morning, when I sent Aunt Jeptha for you, and you found me in the store-room?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Come here, and stand before me. There, now. Look up into my face. I had been away a long time—you had not seen me until this morning. How long was it since I was here before?"

"A year and ten days," she answered, promptly.

A curious smile flitted over his face, but was gone in an instant. He sat in his large chair, one hand resting on the table, looking at the bowed form, the pale, grave face of the young girl, with a not unkindly glance.

"Yet, this morning, you never saw my face. After a year's absence, surely I deserved a warmer welcome. You never came before me while you stood there." Something in his words touched a tender point. She shrank slightly back. "Why did you so, Agatha? Did you not care to see if the year had not altered my face?"

"Yes, cousin—yes, Robert."

"Why did you try to escape my sight then, little Agatha?"

Thus pressed to speak, she stood, her hands clasped tightly together, the quick color rising and fading in her cheek, a look of suffering growing each moment more unendurable on her face, threatening to break forth into tears. But she would not let them come. Her lips quivered, but she closed them firmly and looked up bravely into his face.

"You are fond of looking at beautiful things, I know, Robert. Faces and forms that are graceful and fair. There is that about me," her voice trembled a little now, "which is not pleasant to see. I thought you would have grown unused to it—I did not wish to give you pain."

He did not say anything, only laid his great brown hand upon her hair, and stroked it softly for a moment or two. If a tear slipped down her cheek in spite of her efforts, she thought he did not see it, for her head was bent so low. He broke the silence at last.

"You are not going down to this wedding, then, Agatha?"

"No, cousin Robert. They say I must go this evening, with mother, to Mr. Cadogan's, so I slipped out of the way now. Why do not you go down?"

"I?" He laughed oddly. "Should they all be glad to welcome me home?"

"You know they would, Robert—you know how glad they would be, how much of a favorite you are with every one in the village."

"And you, little girl? Why would they not welcome you? Pet you, caress you, poor, little, weak lamster, as much as a strong man who is successful in the world?"

"No one knows me," she said, gently.

"No one but old Aunt Jeptha—she loves you, Agatha, better than mother and sister. Because you are of use to her. There is the secret of world's love."

"Do you only love those who are of use to you?" she said, then grew crimson at the boldness of her question. "Cousin Robert, I did not mean to ask that. Forgive me."

He smiled, again the same odd, puzzling smile.

"I am selfish, they say—and they say it truly. But I love those best whom I aid, not those who aid me."

He walked to the window, and stood looking at the gorgeously-tinted flowers in their coarse brown vase. Then he leaned out into the murky air, watching the slow fall of the rain, apparently forgetful of her presence. Was it strange that the crimson dye which her embarrassment had raised to her cheek should linger there? That her step should be lighter, her eye more like the bright eye of other children, as she moved about the room? For so unused was she to even so slight a kindness as the notice which her cousin had given her, that its very novelty alone would naturally excite and please her. It was a something out of the way of her monotonous existence, a something to think of, to remember, when she sat alone for hours and days at the weary sewing. Nor did her cousin seem to weary of his kindness, for when he turned from the window her anxious, doubtful glance saw the bright smile still in his eyes.

"Agatha," he said, "I am most ravenously hungry, Aunt Jeptha has forgotten to send—"

"Yes, cousin Robert," she interrupted, "I will bring something in an instant."

"Stop—not so quick little one. Where is your own breakfast? Bring it too, and let us have a famous meal together."

She left the room, the smile disappeared from his face, and again he paced the floor, a silent, even gloomy man. Was the light, boyish tone adopted to bring him and herself into the region where she had never entered, of frank, light-hearted youth? Assumed to give her, the poor, deformed girl, a moment's pleasure? But a moment passed before she opened the door again and entered. Whatever was the motive that called the unwonted gaiety to Robert Gaunt's face, it did not yet fail. Instantly his grave sadness was gone. Lifting the heap of sewing from the table, he placed it in a corner of the room, and drew the table up again before the fire.

"Now, little cousin, let us spread our royal banquet, and be sole monarchs in our kingdom up stairs. Coffee and fried chicken! in which my soul delighteth! Biscuits, and eggs and cakes—Aunt Jeptha's cakes! Agatha, you have an idea what a cornorant I am to eat, I perceive, by your allowance. Now let me establish your majesty in your chair, and then I will exhibit my powers." He drew up her chair to the table, placed her in it, and seated himself opposite.

Surely the villagers, who called Robert Gaunt hard and cold and selfish, would have wondered what strange spirit possessed him as he sat for an hour at the table that rainy morning with his poor, lame cousin. How he laughed and jested, not with the coarse freedom of John Cadogan, but with delicacy, tender of her youth and timid gravity. How, at last, this timidity, so painful at first, making the sensitive color come and go with every word, and the frightened glance wander restlessly around, melted away beneath the charm of his kind care. How she too smiled, and even laughed once, but caught herself quickly, as if she committed treason against some secret dread.

Yet, while the moments passed, poor Agatha could not rest in them content, thinking how quickly they fled and how long and dreary the lonely days to follow would be. Meanwhile, the rain, dull and cheerless, darkened the air with its unceasing fall, the fire blazed and crackled brightly on the hearth, lighting up the white floor, the dark, shining oak walls, the vase of crimson and purple flowers with which Robert had insisted on adorning the table.

"Listen," he said, raising his hand in the midst of some story of hair-breadth escape which he was telling to her. "The carriages are going—the wedding is over."

All the pain, the struggle, the bitter sorrow of her sister flashed over Agatha's mind with a keen pang of self-reproach. She started up.

"Married!—And I have allowed myself to be so happy here. Oh, it was cruel. Let me go, Robert—this is no place for me."

"Agatha," he said, quietly, unheeding her remorseful agitation. "Agatha, do you know why your sister married this man?" and he looked up sharply in her face.

All her distress at what she thought her selfishness was gone in an instant. His words roused some deeper feeling, some thought which must be smothered and hidden. With an effort, which he closely watched, and of which he would have thought the weak, sickly girl incapable, she subdued all trace of feeling in her face, and regained her usual quiet calm, standing with folded hands and eyes dropped. Whatever the secret might be, it never would pass those pale, closed lips. He felt that instinctively; yet from a mischievous curiosity to torment the child, he proceeded.

"No deeper reason than an idle wish to reign over the full larder and linen closets of La Grange, was it, little sister, that tempted Sarah?"

She looked up impulsively and indignantly, then, checked by some sudden thought, was silent. He noted all this, and then continued:

"Hundreds of women marry so, preferring comfort to love. All proper and highly commendable, but Sarah need not have placed the martyr's crown upon her forehead above the bridal wreath. Her choice was free—she should not have asked pity when she made it."

Now, when Robert Gaunt had stood beside Sarah Alt, two hours before, and looked into her pale face and burning, tearless eyes, he had yielded implicit credence to her words; had believed that some irresistible power was driving her to this distasteful marriage; but now, so improbable seemed this conviction that he almost unconsciously accepted the natural solution of the riddle, and, laughing at his own credulity, believed her actuated only by ordinary mercenary motives. Agatha strove in vain to maintain her stolid composure, twice she began to speak, and twice stopped abruptly.

"You wrong her, cousin Robert," she said, at last.

"Then cannot you place her right in my eyes? Ought you not to do it?"

She looked around her in a painful doubt, the quick tears rising to her eyes. After a moment's pause, her glance fell on the iron key that laid upon the table, and oddly enough rested there.

"I cannot, Robert, I cannot," she said. "I dare not say a word, only that Sarah is innocent."

His keen glance saw that there was some mystery beneath all, but, in spite of his feeling for Stephen Fleming, his honor made him silent. Turning to the window, he said:

"Come, little cousin, and look at the guests as they are going."

She came and stood beside him. The temporary flush of gaiety was past, her face was again pale, grave and mournful. The window commanded a distant view of the hall door, where the carriages were assembled, waiting for their occupants. They could distinguish, too, the eager, merry voices and ringing peals of laughter. A light barouche rolled past, bearing the doctor and the plump little beauty, Jeanie. Into the next carriage they could see Mr. Thorpe assist one of the attendants in her spotless dress; then John Cadogan descended the steps, a lady leaning on his arm.

"That is Sarah," exclaimed Agatha, in a whisper, leaning eagerly forward.

It was Sarah; she stepped lightly up into the carriage, looking gaily back at her mother and kissing her hand in token of farewell.

"I'll tell you, George," whispered Phil Storrs to one of his companions, "I'd think no better of my bride for leaving her home and mother with a smiling face like that, howsoe'er much she loved me."

Agatha also saw the smile and gesture, and drew back as if struck a sudden blow. This constant life of acting for her sister she had not dreamed of. Now it seemed the worst of all. John Cadogan, with a bright face and bounding step, seated himself beside his wife, and the carriage drove quickly away.

"She is gone," said Agatha, with a sudden disappointment in her tone.

"And you, poor, little, foolish child, hoped that she would not entirely forget you, but steal out for a good-bye kiss?" said Robert Gaunt.

"I thought so, a little—" she hesitated. "It was foolish, I know, cousin Robert. Of course she could not."

"No," said Robert, in a surly tone. "When are you going, little girl?"

"I have some work to do," she said, fastening her mantle around her again.

Robert Gaunt gathered up his books and papers, and, with a short nod of farewell, left the room. Agatha stood motionless, listening to his heavy tread as he crossed the gallery and descended the stairs. Despite of all the pain, the sorrow for her sister, and whatever deepel grief might lay behind that, there had been something in the hour just passed very bright and very dear to cherish and remember—kind words and kinder looks. So she stood, the crimson flowers he had arranged in her hands, a half smile upon her colorless lips, for the moment a happy child. But only for a moment. Then she dropped the flowers and took up the key, and with her usual white, sad face and quiet step, left the room.

CHAPTER VI.

The evening's sun of Sarah Alt's wedding-day set brilliant and clear. The gray fog clouds settled into the valleys, like a sea of muddy mist, leaving the hill-tops around Orth like sunny islands here and there, on which the crimson and yellow-tinged forests lay in glowing bits of color. Over-head, the sky assumed its deepest blue, growing into a delicate purple around the sun. A cool, dry wind swept along the wet fields and country roads, leaving them passable for even foot-passengers. According to the good old Orth fashion, John Cadogan and his bride received the congratulations of their friends in full bridal attire. And with the rare old democratic spirit, now fast dying out in even our most unpretending country villages, none were excluded from the wedding festivities who, though in however homely a gown, brought a kind heart and friendly greeting to the newly-married pair.

So, as a matter of course, it happened that the busy hum of preparation rose high in almost every cottage, as well as in the more substantial farm-houses, as the evening slowly faded into night. A wedding in Orth was no everyday occurrence, and demanded no ordinary ceremony to do it honor. Besides, although the Alt family, from their rigidly secluded habits, were but little known, Cadogan was at once one of the leading farmers of the place and one of the most popular companions, long assigned the first rank at every dance or merry-making, and pronounced by the young men of the neighborhood the jolliest good fellow in the county. Consequently, with one accord, these, his friends and staunch supporters in field, market or ball-room, rallied this evening of all others to show their good feeling. The house at La Grange stood high. From the many country roads, the warm, red light from its many windows gleamed cheerily out into the fast darkening evening. Every farm-house sent some representatives to join in the feast of the home-coming. At one door stood the jaunting car, the buffalo robe thrown over the seat, for it was growing cold, waiting for the sturdy farmer and his matronly wife in her stiff robe of brown silk, usually kept folded away in linen with sprigs of lavender, never unrolled save on rare occasions like this. Well might the old gray paw and neigh, and the good man, carrying himself erect as became his Sunday blue coat and brass buttons, pace up and down impatiently, waiting for his wife. For this was no everyday affair to be gone through without due solemnity of preparation. Therefore the red-handed maid of all work officiated as *fille de chambre*, smoothing down the brown folds of the silk in proper state, not heeding the hundredth-time repeated charges of her mistress for the night, and the half-dozen white-haired children stood around in mute surprise and awe.

In another house, perhaps, the whole family turned out—the young girls with their pink sashes, and cheeks and eyes prophesying a coming dance—the white-haired grandfather going, as he said, to give old George Cadogan's son his blessing—the honest son of an honest father. Here, a solitary horseman ploughed his way through muddy lanes, and again a wagon full of roystering young farmers rolled noisily along. At La Grange itself the noise of preparation had subsided into the quiet of expectation. The parlor, the keeping-room, the work-room, (converted for the night, by the aid of chintz curtains and book-shelves into a library,) were all lighted and adorned with innumerable vases of flowers. In the kitchen, Dinah reigned triumphant over innumerable helpers, black and white, sole monarch of uncounted rare and savory dishes, whose steaming contents waited her skilful flavoring touch to reach perfection. Cæsar, her only son and hope, stood as porter at the hall door. Now, a porter's duties were somewhat new to this sable youth, he having received his entire education in the stable, but to-night, clothed in a gorgeous suit of Kentucky jean, having received solemn instructions with regard to his office of an hour's length from Miss Jeanie, terminating with a few admonitory raps from his mother, he felt the honor of the house of Cadogan rested upon him, and him alone. Therefore Cæsar, overwhelmed with the weight of his responsibility, sat in gloomy silence, waiting for the first arrival, contemplating the gloves in which his fingers were encased with a sort of sullen despair, and then bursting into a loud guffaw as he caught sight of his shining blacked boots.

In every chamber burned cheerful fires, every door stood open, the bright glow of hospitable expectation rested on every spot but one. That was the face of the little lady of the mansion, who after to-night resigned her authority into the hands of her brother's wife. Little Jeanie, fully dressed, paced the floor of the great keeping-room, a most unchildlike cloud in her black eyes. Now and then, however, in spite of her trouble, whatever it might be, she stopped before the mirror to adjust her curls and the wreath of laburnum flowers above them; but after that involuntary sacrifice to vanity, resumed her slow walk with the evident determination to be miserable, though for what special cause she herself could scarcely have defined. Something there was of a natural girlish jealousy of the new-comer who would supplant her in her brother's affection, something of regret that there must now be an end of the praises and wonder which her housekeeping skill had drawn from the neighboring matrons and John's friends who frequented the house. But there was another cause than even these. For weeks, even months, this wedding had been the crowning point of the child's thoughts and plans. Now that it had come, she felt a blank disappointment. A want of something in John's wife, she knew not what, but a want that chilled and frightened her for the future. With quicker ears than her brother, she had heard the rumor which had imputed his success in wooing to his wealth, and knowing the poverty of the Alts, and being at the same time fully conscious of the importance and strength of her own family influence, had felt a lurking suspicion that it might be true. Consequently, when, to-day, she had formally escorted her new sister over the house, showing with ill-concealed pride the extent of the household possessions, she had watched her with a jealous eye to discover the marks of cupidity in her face.

But before the ceremony was finished not only was Jeanie's suspicion banished, but a deeper annoyance sprung up in her busy brain. John's wife cared but little for his wealth, that she quickly saw by the too evident attempt at interest with which she surveyed the evidences of it in the house. An attempt at interest which so ill veiled her weary indifference that Jeanie's face flushed angrily and her heart beat faster as she proceeded with the duty. But did John's wife care for himself? That was the doubt that troubled her now. True, she looked happily bright enough, received his somewhat boisterous demonstrations of affection and delight passively, was wanting in no courtesy to her, or to any one from whom her new relationship demanded such courtesy. But over all these hung a certain mechanical inertness that looked like forced duty. Jeanie, whom her brother sometimes declared to be pretty, and sharp, and prickly as a Scotch thistle, saw and noted all this with her bright, watchful eyes, and dearly loving her brother, suffered her love to paint the future for him in darkest colors, and already began to regard his wife if not with dislike yet with a too ready suspicion. Now, as she paced up and down the long room, adorned for the evening's festivity, she glanced furtively now and then into the little boudoir which John had fitted up for his bride, and where he now sat beside her. A sharp pang shot to her heart, a little, mean sting of jealousy, which her more generous nature cast out with a throb of indignation—a week ago and her brother would have been beside her awaiting his guests; now, she was alone. But, checking the selfish pain, she walked on with a prouder step perhaps, and a head held more firmly upright. If, in that brightly-lit parlor, some glamour could have shown the child the fate that hung impending over her and her house, could have revealed by some power of second sight the curse that had followed that young, fair woman, who came beneath the welcoming roof a bride that morning, there was that fierce strength sleeping in her unawakened heart that would have thrust aside the doom from her brother's head though a heavier and blacker had fallen on her own—would have plunged, if needs were, a dagger into the breast of the bride in her robes of snow, over whom he bent with such loving devotion. But no shadows more spectral than those of the fitful fire-light and waving curtains disturbed her walk—no voice of warning broke the silence other than the low tones of her brother whispering to his bride. Yet in her face Jeanie's eyes and those of her brother read far different tales. He saw but the soft, peachy bloom upon the cheek shadowed by the dark hair, the quiet smile upon the lips, felt only the warm touch of the hand lying unresistingly in his; his sister's keener glance noted the haggard droop beneath the smile, marked the carefully averted gaze that rested bright and intensely clear everywhere but on her husband's face. An hour passed—the house was rapidly filling with new arrivals. Cadogan and his wife, each the centre of a crowding group, replied to innumerable congratulations and good wishes—Jeanie, her eyes brightening with smiles, forgot her doubts and trouble for the time at least, and passed through the rooms with a childish dignity not unstately. The little boudoir where John had sat with his bride was left unoccupied. It was a small octagon room, lined with a delicate rose-color paper, filled with trifles which would please a woman; in the choice of which John had spent the leisure moments of many months, arranging and placing them to give her an unlooked-for pleasure on the day he brought her home. Could she have seen, as she glanced carelessly around her that very morning, the eager affection that had prompted every choice, the earnestness with which he had pondered how best to please her taste, surely she would have thanked him with a warmer caress, have looked with less secret loathing upon the ruddy, beaming face bent down over her. But she did not know—conscious only of what she had done herself, feeling only that she herself was sacrificed to duty, she never looked at his side of the question. She only felt that to him, as her husband, was due a certain amount of respect and dutiful obodience which should be paid, she resolved, to the uttermost mite; of more she never dreamed. So now, as she stood among his friends, many of whom saw her for the first time, her principal care for him was that he should have no reason to blush for the choice, that she should not discredit him in their critical opinion. Of the quiet self-reliance of perfect wedded love, that, secure in itself, thinks nothing of the world's praise or ban, she knew nothing. Two figures entered the dainty little boudoir—they stopped at the door for a few moments to look back at the thronged rooms beyond, for the house was now filled to overflowing—the chambers and halls re-echoed with a merry hum of voices. Only this little room, which lay half hidden behind the others, and was but dimly lighted, was vacant.

"What do you think of our people in Orth from this specimen here to-night?" asked the doctor of Mr. Thorpe, for it was they whose figures now darkened the doorway. Mr. Thorpe looked critically over the passing groups.

"Physically, there is nothing to demand," he said at last. "The men are singularly well-made and athletic, the women with lithe, graceful figures, but I should judge from their faces that muscle and heart prevailed over brain in their organization."

Dr. McFergus smiled quietly at the oracular response.

"Not a bad organization for a community, after all," he rejoined. "But here comes a young friend of mine, in whose formation the brain bears its due proportion, I fancy."

Mr. Thorpe turned to meet Robert Gaunt. The doctor watched with an amused glance the cool greeting of the two men and the hasty and somewhat confused retreat of the clergyman, leaving Gaunt alone.

"Ye're welcome home, Robert," said the doctor, with outstretched hand. "You have frightened away your ancient enemy, you see, without a word."

"No enemy of mine, doctor, except as Nature made us differ," said the young man, taking the position the clergyman had just left.

"You are in the right of it, Robert. Nature made you differ. Thorpe, for all his piety, (and he is a just man, I confess,) is as keen and sharp as this knife of mine." He snapped the blade of his pocket-knife.

"So keen, after all," said the young man, glancing at the blade. "The edge is rusted and rough. But the resemblance to your friend is not the less striking. Can you find no type of me, as you are so successful in your imagery?"

"This," he said, touching a small block of gray granite, which lay upon the floor to keep the door open.

Gaunt laughed coolly. "You are no flatterer, doctor," he said. "Cold and hard and strong. Yet, it is of the granite they make foundations for palaces. One may infer a compliment even there. But come in, I want to consult you on my plans."

The doctor turned willingly and entered the boudoir. Drawing two of the velvet chairs close to the fire, the two men entered at once into a low and earnest conversation, bestowing no notice upon the delicate luxuries of the room other than a surly sarcasm growled out by the doctor about "rose-lined nests for caged birds," of which Gaunt took no notice.

It was an odd friendship between the two, opposite in their every trait, yet one which had lasted for years. One man, hot, hasty to childishness; the other, noted for his cool calculation, yet meeting on the common ground, a stubborn love of truth and blunt, straightforward honesty. Dr. McFergus was the only man whose advice Robert Gaunt, through all his manifold struggles, had ever asked, and though, when given, it was seldom followed, yet it was demanded again and again on every emergency. Yet no profession of friendship was ever made by either. After Gaunt's long absence, they had just met with the ordinary greeting of every day. They sat now for nearly two hours, reviewing the course laid out by the younger man for himself, overlooking long lines of accounts with as absorbed an interest as any youth or maiden made love or listened in the adjoining room. But the call to supper roused them, a call to which love and business alike give place.

Never did monarch survey his glittering court with prouder heart than Dinah's as she took the last look at the long tables groaning beneath the final triumph of her labors. For the feast was set out with the lavish prodigality of the Pennsylvania farmer. Viands which it would have driven Soyer to despair to see in juxtaposition, smoked together in loving consanguinity. Not Soyer himself could have given more delicate or rich a flavor in the opinions of those who assembled to do Dinah and her cookery honor. Gaunt and the doctor were among the first to leave the room, as they retreated before the drinking of toasts began.

"Let us go back to our hiding-place," said the doctor. "I have not yet satisfied myself about that claim of Holton's."

As they entered the boudoir, a timid little figure rose from one of the chairs and faced them, half shrinking back into the shadow, as if uncertain whether or not to try and pass them by.

"Agatha," said the doctor, in surprise, "why are you not with the other young people?"

Gaunt passed his cousin in silence.

"Where shall I go?" she asked, trying to steady her voice, which trembled like a frightened child's.

"Go!" said the doctor, cheerily. "Why out of this dark corner—go dance and laugh with the best of them. I have never seen a laugh in this little face yet. Look up, brown bird," and he lifted her downcast face, on which the changing color went and came.

She clasped her fingers in her old childish way and knit them together, looking like a terrified hare in the hands of the hunter. Gaunt silently placed a low foot-stool near her, which she seized, and, carrying it into the corner, seated herself out of sight. The two men resumed their conversation where they had dropped it. At last the merits of Holton's claim was made clear to the doctor, and the subject was dismissed.

"Now for your other arrangements," he said, drawing his chair more confidentially near to Gaunt.

"Cousin Robert," said a low voice at his side, "I ought to go? I ought not to be here to hear this?"

He did not speak, only pressed her down on the low seat again, letting his hand rest on her bent head. So she sat, hidden by his wide chair from the doctor's view so completely that he soon forgot her presence altogether.

"How soon must you leave for Florida?"

"In two months—sooner, if I can complete my arrangements," Gaunt replied.

"You are in haste to be off. It may be years before you return?"

"I shall never return; I leave no ties in Orth to draw me back."

The doctor was silent for a few moments.

"Have you any idea of your future home, Robert? Now that we have discussed the business part of your opening career, I feel a natural curiosity to know something of the domestic life."

"My home will be in St. Augustine. I have even chosen the house where I intend to live."

His voice grew animated, and its tones were touched with more feeling than the doctor thought them capable of showing. The topic was evidently one that interested him much.

"You ought to see that house, Doctor. An old, many-sided stone building, high on the cliff that overlooks the sea, yet hiding like a nest, you might say, under a higher ridge of the mountain. There are three or four acres of ground around it, a perfect maze of shrubbery, and the house itself is as cozy and warm as a New England homestead. One needs a snug hiding-place on those sea-cliffs, even in the 'Land of flowers.'"

The doctor eyed his young friend narrowly, struck by the unusual animation of manner.

"You have not forgotten to gratify your love of the picturesque in the selection of your hiding-place, I suppose?"

"No, Hawk Cliff commands one of the widest and grandest views on the coast." His eye kindled. "You should see it on early morning, when the purple wreaths of mist, tipped with silver, brood over the gray, sleeping ocean, until, instant, as by the touch of an enchanter's wand, the flashing glory of sunshine falls, and the waters are turned into blood. The coast is shelving and rocky at that point, and the slightest breath of wind is enough to lash the whole sea into a tempest of glittering foam. You must come and see me there, Doctor. You could have your passion for bird-shooting gratified for once in your life, even if you did not care for the scenery. The water-fowl hide in the cliffs in myriads."

"I may go—who knows? But Robert—"

The doctor paused abruptly, as if afraid to finish his sentence, and glanced at the young man, who sat looking in the fire, his eyes brighter than was their wont, his lips half curved in a smile, like one who is looking with introverted eye at some pleasant thought in his heart. The doctor curiously watched him while he sat unconscious, and the silence was unbroken for some minutes.

"Robert!" he said at last, in a voice which was evidently rendered careless. "Robert, there is one thing you have forgotten in your arrangements."

"What is it? I wish to forget nothing, for once at the end of my voyage, there is no coming back to repair omissions."

Again the doctor hesitated. He was appar

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, November 12, 1862.

FORBEARANCE.

It would be very singular, indeed, if a Government like ours, or indeed if any forms of Government administered by so many officers, civil and military, could be so administered at such a time as the present without opening some questions which can be best settled by the use of forbearance on all sides, and not by driving each point to a direct issue, and carrying out the principles that may seem to be involved on either side to extreme consequences. The Rev. Mr. Hay published a letter in Harrisburg, containing some reflections on General Wool. So far as General Wool was concerned, he appears to have been ignorant of the whole matter charged, and to have been mistaken for one of his subordinates. Had a civil suit been instituted, it is possible that some damages might have been awarded to General Wool, for the injury done his character. But instead of this, Gen. Wool adopted a different course, and, as military commandant of the district, sent and arrested Mr. Hay in Harrisburg, Pa., and had him taken out of the State to Baltimore, where, after some explanations, he was set at liberty. This sort of extension of martial law has still more affected the public mind by the arrests made by the same officer in Baltimore, in regard to which the Governor of the State of Maryland has taken decided measures successfully.

This is the wrong time and place for the settlement of the question of State rights. No good citizen will wish to push matters to any extreme against the Government, supposing its agents to have acted unwarrantably, for the Government knew nothing of the matter. If it should teach all citizens that they must, at this time, for the good of the State, forbear to publish many things now, that in ordinary times would be right and proper enough, there will have been drawn from the present cases the only good to which they can be put. With such dispositions, it would probably be well for those who have been arrested, as they conceive, unwarrantably, and are now in durance, not now to push actions through courts of law to test the constitutionality or culpability of the action in question.

But, on the other hand, without questioning that a Government may and must resort to extreme measures to maintain its own existence, it will, we hope, *not be forgotten*, that the forbearing and wise use of power is the only condition on which power is long conceded to any Government. The number of arrests made and then abandoned has become so great, that it might easily bring on questions of jurisdiction and of the reserved rights of States of the most dangerous character. We know that the Government intends to act honestly by the rights of the people, but there has been quite too much carelessness. If Jefferson Davis, or any of his friends, were to get the power of the Government into rebel hands, where would be all our liberties, if such a construction of the Constitution were allowed as should give every general the right to make all sorts of arbitrary arrests for speaking a word against the conduct of a single officer? Where should we all be? These precedents, which might be used for all sorts of arrests without explanations, are so dangerous that it can only be by the most forbearing use of the power to arrest, that it can best be preserved to a Government at all.

A conflict has in some cases been imminent on account of the militia drafting in some counties of this State. Here there can be no Constitutional question raised as to the law. The authority of the President to call out the militia, and the State to order the draft is unquestioned. And though it may come hard on some of the citizens, let every man that is a man, either shoulder his musket at this call of his country, and go cheerfully in obedience to the laws to sustain the Government or get a substitute. To refuse or neglect helps to overturn the authority of all government. It may be admitted that the militia law must bear unequally upon different men. Some there are whose business and whole prospects for life would be ruined by personal absence from their occupation for nine months, and all their capital would be lost. While to others the pay will be a provision for their families better than those families would otherwise obtain. No difficulty, therefore should, it seems to us, be thrown in the way of obtaining substitutes by those drafted, but every arrangement of the kind facilitated. Indeed one of the greatest difficulties has been occasioned by the competition of so many raising the price. If the Government would receive a certain regular sum, say two or three hundred dollars, and offer that as a premium, it could probably find men enough at that price, because there would be no competion. Or the price might be raised until it would bring substitutes. It would be much easier to collect the money than to enforce service in the militia beyond a certain point, and there must be every forbearance in the use of power, so as to put the people to as little inconvenience as possible.

ENGLAND'S NEUTRALITY.

Lord Lyons' return has created many reports and speculations abroad respecting the intentions of the British Government in regard to recognition and intervention. The calling of a Cabinet meeting just on the eve of his departure is supposed to have reference to his instructions and the course the British Government meant to pursue. It is stated that the recognition question at the Cabinet meeting took the form of a proposed armistice for six months between our Government and the rebels, but the proposition was voted down, and the conclusion adhered to that England is determined to preserve her attitude of neutrality. All these indications, though apparently against any interference with our affairs, are tolerably certain evidences of a disposition on the part of the British Government to do so, and that it is only a question of present policy which restrains her. It becomes more and more manifest that the feelings of the Government and the people are in favor of the success of the rebellion, and it is this strong sympathy which induces British meschants and capitalists to aid the rebels by frequent attempts to break our blockade, and supply them with arms, and the British Government to overlook ill-concealed violations of neutrality, in permitting piratical privateers to be fitted out in British ports for the destruction of American commercial vessels.

We are told, too, that when Admiral Wilkes, at Bermuda, was exercising the admitted authority of National ships to overhaul vessels at sea suspected of dealing in contraband of war, the guns of a British war vessel were threateningly run out, indicating that the commander was ready to use force to prevent the American Admiral exercising an acknowledged international right within what he conceived to be a judicious and proper use of his authority. No British commander would have dared to menace one of our National ships in this way if he was not perfectly satisfied that the feeling and opinions of the Government and Nation he represents are against this country, and would be ready to justify insolence towards our Government in their naval commanders as proper exhibitions of British national spirit, and of zeal in behalf of British national honor.

All these threatening indications are but the precursers of the storm, and if, in the course of our dealing with rebellion, it should become the interest of England to throw her weight on the side of the rebels, she will assuredly do it without regard to international right or the opinions of other nations of the justice and propriety of her conduct. England has never stopped nicely to scan the justice of her acts where her interest prompted a particular line of policy. Our Government should not be lulled into a false security by England's professions of neutrality. It should not overlook the domineering disposition she has already evinced in making the subject of interference with our domestic quarrels a matter for her discussion and assumed right of arbitrament. Our true course of action is to be prepared for England's hostility, and to hold her strictly accountable for any departure from her avowed neutrality. The best bond we can hold her in to keep the peace, is to show her, by proper preparation for defence, what she is likely to encounter in hostility, and the probable consequences of a course of action towards the rebels inimical to the just authority of our Government. This requires no menace on our part, nothing but resolute and determined action.

INJURING HIS FRIENDS.—The pirate Semmes, in his raid upon Northern commerce, is doing his friends quite as much harm as his enemies. The cargos of ships Lafayette and Manchester, destroyed by him, were owned entirely by Englishmen, and the loss will fall upon them. Part of one of the barks destroyed is owned by Charleston merchants. Being an English ship, with an English crew, the Alabama ought to have more respect for English property. When an account of Semmes' doings reaches the other side of the Atlantic, there will probably not be such rejoicing among English merchants over her performances.

THE INTERNAL TAX.—The revenue from the internal tax, it is said, at Washington will largely exceed the estimate of Congress. The data received by the Commissioner of Revenue, leads to the belief that it will reach nearer $250,000,000 than $150,000,000, the sum it was first thought it would produce. In one district in New York, where the collector thought 3,000 licenses would be necessary, 15,000 are required.

DON'T LIKE THE WAY IT WORKS.—The British Consul in New York, finding that the British rebel pirate Alabama, under Captain Semmes, is depredating upon British property, has called Admiral Milne's attention to the fact, and the latter is sent to despatch three British war vessels after the pirate. It makes a great deal of difference whose ox is bored, even by one's own friends.

BRITISH PREJUDICE

Nothing more strongly marks the prejudice which exists in England against our Government, than the action of its religious bodies. The class interests in England may be excused from holding in hatred principles which tend to subvert their influence and destroy their power, but with the Christian associations we might reasonably expect that they would, at least, look on, without prejudice, at a conflict which involves such tremendous social as well as political consequences, even if they did not find any direct sympathy for a Government and people whose political existence is assailed to promote the extension of slavery. But the action of the religious associations of England by no means justifies this reasonable expectation. Two important religious assemblages in that country have recently given an expression of their feelings, which shows that their sympathies are altogether against the North. One is the "Congregational Union" and the other the "Evangelical Alliance." In these bodies the subject of the rebellion was discussed, and though the causes which led to it were generally known and hinted at, it elicited no word of condemnation from those Christian associations, while the speakers who railed at and abused the North were very warmly applauded. Such conduct as this can find a clue only in the fact that Englishmen's prejudices against the United States are much stronger than their Christian sympathies. The president of the "Evangelical Alliance," doubtless feeling that there was some inconsistency in a religious body upholding a rebellion based upon the principles avowed by De Bow, very considerately advised the South to get rid of slavery by going beyond President Lincoln, in his emancipation proclamation. Mr. Lincoln purposes to give freedom to the slaves of disloyal masters, but the President of the "Evangelical Alliance" seriously hopes that Davis will excel the president in generosity, and liberate the whole black race. He says: "You are free-traders, and know what competition means. Compete with President Lincoln! Take the wind out of his sails! He is emancipating your slaves (some say) badly. Do you do it well! He is doing it as an act of war. Do you do it as a measure of peace! He is doing it instantly. Do you do it safely and gradually! You want troops. Do you declare that every negro who will serve in your army shall be instantly a free man!" The philanthropic simplicity must be great which could suppose such advice would be listened to.

PURSUIT OF THE PIRATE.

The Navy Department is arousing to the importance of capturing the pirate Alabama. The Vanderbilt, Dacotah, and Ino, have been ordered from Brooklyn in pursuit, and a vessel goes also from Portsmouth. Five or six full armed gunboats are to be detached from the West India and South Atlantic fleets, to assist in scouring the seas to catch the rebel depredator. Semmes, her captain, is a cool, calculating and enterprising individual, and is up to all sorts of expedients for his own safety. He keeps a close watch of steamers, and avoids them unless he knows their character. He would not be averse to coming across a California steamer homeward bound with a million in gold. Such a prize would be a godsend to him and the rebel government. It seems scarcely possible that with the pursuit that will be instituted, and the number of national vessels and gunboats continually passing along our coast, that he can keep in the wake of our commercial vessels doing immense mischief. The necessity of procuring coal will drive him into some British port on this side the Atlantic, and here is where he will show his shrewdness in endeavoring to put pursuit on a false scent. He must either go to the British West Indies or to Nova Scotia, or some of the surrounding Islands for a supply. If there are vessels enough at command, both ports should be watched, and all the intervening space searched diligently. The pursuit should not relax until this sea robber is caught and caged. This becomes the more necessary from the fact that he has the means at hand for increasing his power to do mischief. It is thought that by Semmes enlisting men from the crews of the prizes taken, he intends to fit out as a privateer some suitable vessel among the prizes taken, and convert her into a privateer, so that we may soon have a fleet of privateers depredating upon our commerce instead of a single vessel.

EARTHQUAKES IN DAHOMEY.

In July, of this year, here was a severe earthquake in Africa. The King of Dahomey, imagining that it was the perturbed spirit of his father speaking in its wrath, appeased it by ordering public sacrifices of human beings. The first day three chiefs were beheaded, the next day twenty-four persons of less degree, the next day twenty-four others. The fourth day was devoted to feasting, but on the succeeding day sixteen men and sixteen women of Sierra Leone, attired in European dress, after being paraded about and exposed to studied indignities, were beheaded with blunt knives, with as many horses and an alligator, sacrificed with them, and with whose blood theirs was mingled. One was crucified against a tree, to which he was fastened by nails driven through his forehead, his heart, his hands, and his feet, and with a horrible touch of the grotesque, a large cotton umbrella was stuck in the corpse's grasp. In the market the King was seated on a dais making war speeches to his assembled subjects. Around were rows of gory heads—the heads of prisoners slain during the night after being frightfully tortured. All this is testified to by a Dutch merchant, Mr. Euschart, who had been invited to visit the King, as he had a great curiosity to see a Dutchman. If Mr. Euschart had a curiosity as eager to see an African King, he has probably had his curiosity satisfied by the other spectacle which he witnessed. The London Post is urging the British Government to stop these barbarities by overturning the Dahomey Monarch, who has recently threatened Abbeokuta with 50,000 troops, and, it is feared, will extend his power and increase his already colossal enormities.

DECREASE OF THE SLAVE TRADE.—Eight slavers were captured by British cruisers and their human cargoes landed at St. Helena, from the 1st of January to the 4th of August, 1862. The nationality of these slavers was unknown being found without papers or colors. At the time of seizure they had on board twenty-eight hundred and ninety-two males, and nine hundred and fifteen females; making a total of three thousand eight hundred and seven souls. On a cutter of seventy tons was found two hundred and three victims. Since our rigid enforcement of the laws against this nefarious practice, the execution of Captain Gordon, and the right of search treaty with Great Britain, the United States flag is rapidly disappearing from the uses to which it has so long been prostituted. But the growth of legitimate commerce and the spread of civilization and Christianity by means of settlements such as compose the Republic of Liberia, are the most reliable and economical means to effectually stop the illicit and inhuman traffic.

A CURIOUS STATEMENT.—The publication of General Scott's letter and Mr. Buchanan's reply, is a subject of discussion at Washington, and it is said will lead to other revelations of the position of public affairs during the last four months of Mr. Buchanan's administration. The New York Post has a friend at Washington who asserts that Mr. Buchanan is understood to say that he consulted Mr. Seward continually during the last four months of his administration, and that he did not undertake anything in regard to the rebellious movement during those four months, from the time of Mr. Lincoln's election till his installation, without previous full consultation with Mr. Seward, and only with the full approval of that gentleman. This story may be put forth only to injure Mr. Seward because he does not agree with the radical Republicans. If it is true, it will relieve Mr. Buchanan of much of the odium attached to his administration of public affairs for the last few months of his term of office.

ANOTHER EXPEDITION IN NORTH CAROLINA.—According to advices from North Carolina, an expedition by land and water, composed of 12,000 men and several gunboats, had left Newbern under Gen. Foster, the destination unknown. The North Carolinans seemed to be aware that something of the kind was in progress, and were accordingly very much alarmed, for fear that Goldsboro' was the destination. Steamboats of light draught can ascend to Goldsboro', and a force there would have possession of the Wilmington and Welden Railroad. The people at Raleigh feared for the safety of their negroes, and were making preparations to remove them, and were also talking of sinking obstructions in the Neuse river, which can be ascended within twenty miles of Raleigh. We shall soon hear what the object of the expedition is, and the success which has attended it. It left Newbern on the 28th ult.

DOUBLE CROP.—An apple tree on the premises of Samuel Pyle, Kennett township, Chester county, Pa., has produced two crops the present season. The first crop came forth in proper time and was taken off, when shortly after, the tree again blossomed, and now the second crop of fruit has made its appearance. What is still more singular, nearly all the apples of the last crop are double.—*Exchange Paper.*

We have seen a second crop of peaches produced this season, on a tree growing in a yard attached to one of the dwellings of this city. The first crop matured in September, and was a full crop. A month later the tree was covered with a second crop, which grew about an inch in diameter. The stones were perfectly formed, though small, and the fruit was as sweet as sugar.

RELEASED FROM THE DRAFT.—The Washington Intelligencer publishes a list of about eighty names, of persons who have been released from the draft in Pennsylvania on account of alienage. What is remarkable, is that more than two-thirds of them are from Luzerne county. There must have been a large influx of immigrants into that county recently.

WAR NEWS.

The Movements Daily of the Week.

WEDNESDAY, October 5.

Our advices from the Army of the Potomac indicate that the advance is being pushed forward very rapidly, and with the utmost success. Gen. Pleasanton occupied Upperville on Monday afternoon, after a spirited engagement of about four hours, in which we had none killed but several wounded. This is only four miles from Ashby's Gap, which the rebels were endeavoring to hold—all the other Gaps this side being in our possession. There was some force of the enemy in front of Snicker's Gap, on the left bank of the Shenandoah, apparently intending to dispute the passage of our forces, but we do not learn that any fighting occurred there. There were rumors that the rebels were again endeavoring to cross into Maryland at Dobbsville, but they proved to be entirely unfounded. In fact, we hear from our special correspondents, that the general impression in the army was that all the apparent movements of the enemy were merely feints, to cover the retreat of the main rebel army toward Gordonsville, it being pretty well ascertained that it was on the east side of the Blue Ridge, moving in that direction.

Meantime the news from Gen. Sigel's army is of the most significant and important character, leading us to hope that the flank of the enemy has been successfully turned, and that they will not be able to escape without a great and probably a decisive battle. Our cavalry on Monday evening drove the rebels out of Thoroughfare Gap, and Gen. Schurz's Division advanced and took possession of it. The other divisions of Sigel's force, under Stahl and Van Steinwehr, were within supporting distance, and our cavalry also held Budsland Mills, Aldie, and the country between the latter point and the front of Gen. Sigel's advance. It has also been ascertained within a day or two that the fine division, under Gen. Sickles, is advancing along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, in the direction of Gordonsville.

The English prize steamer Anglia, recently captured in Bull Bay, on the coast of South Carolina, arrived at this port last evening, in charge of a prize crew. She brings the unwelcome intelligence of the death of Major-General Mitchell, on the 30th ult., of yellow fever. It is stated that there are many other cases of that disease prevailing at Port Royal.

We have advices from New Orleans to the 28th ultimo, by the arrival at this port of the steamship Cahawba. She brings intelligence that the expedition under Gen. Weitzel, already spoken of as having gone up the Mississippi to clear out the guerrillas, had commenced operations at Donaldsonville with success, and was expected to extend them to Berwick's Bay.

On Friday last Gen. Gilbert made a reconnoissance down the Nashville Railroad from Louisville. He went as far as Green River Bridge for the purpose of examining the condition of the road and things generally. Major-General Rosecrans left Louisville to take the field on Saturday.

Additional details of the recent rout of the guerrilla Burbridge, at Ballinger's Mills, Mo., say that Col. Dewey, after a running fight of fifteen miles with the guerrillas, joined Colonel Lazear, and then attacked the enemy, and completely routed him, losing one killed. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded and prisoners they admit to be 236. More fighting had taken place at Pocahontas, the rebels being driven from their position.

A person named Sely Lewis, who was arrested at Memphis, charged with being a spy and smuggling goods through the lines, had been tried by court martial, found guilty, and sentenced to death, but the death sentence has been revoked by the President, and imprisonment for six months ordered.

Colonel Ellet, brother of the hero of the ram fleet, and who has distinguished himself in all the battles in which the flotilla took part, has been commissioned as Brigadier General, and is authorized to raise a marine brigade to serve with the ram fleet.

A private in the Missouri infantry, who struck his lieutenant, while the latter was engaged in quelling a disturbance, was tried by court martial and sentenced to death, but the sentence has been mitigated to imprisonment for a year, by the President, after which he is to be dishonorably discharged from the service.

Rebel papers express fear that the cities of Mobile, Charleston and Savannah will soon be attacked by the Union forces.

THURSDAY, Oct. 6, 1862.

Ashby's Gap, we learn by our despatches from the Army of the Potomac, was taken quiet possession of by our forces on Monday evening, the rebels retreating and leaving us in undisturbed possession of the mountains, from which a good view of the Shenandoah Valley and Winchester could be obtained. No large body of the enemy was discovered. Piedmont was occupied by the cavalry and artillery under Pleasonton and Averill, on Monday night, and on Tuesday morning they pushed on, and after a spirited skirmish, occupied Marquette, and obtained command of the approaches to Manassas and Chester Gap, on the left of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Despatches from Washington are of the highest importance. It is intimated that despatches of grave import have been handed to the Government by the French Minister, and foreign complications are broadly hinted at. Important changes in the Cabinet and in military commands are also mentioned as sure to occur during the present week.

In the extreme front, toward Gordonsville, that portion of Gen. Sickles' command sent forward to look after the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, report having found it in much better order than expected. The bridge at Broad Run is so little injured that it can be repaired in a few hours, and Ketch Run bridge is entirely uninjured. Our troops yesterday held the country in the vicinity of Brentville, and had driven the rebel patrols upon Warrenton Junction. The total rebel force there is believed to be not more than 3,000 infantry, with corresponding numbers of cavalry and artillery.

Late Richmond papers received by flag of truce at Fortress Monroe, contain various matters of interest which we transfer to our columns. The Dispatch, of the 1st instant, insists that Lee had not evacuated Winchester, as reported, but still held that place, with his cavalry pickets beyond Bunker's Hill and east of Charlestown. Mobile, Charlestown, and probably Savannah, the rebels think, are soon to be attacked by the land and naval forces of the National Government, and it is thought better that they should be burned than fall into our hands. The yellow fever appears to be still raging at Wilmington with considerable violence, especially among the negroes. Another rebel pirate is announced as ready to sail from one of the Southern ports, the second officer of which is Charles Caroll Hicks.

From Port Royal we have the particulars of the illness and death of General Michel. The doctors, it seems, are not decided as to the character of the fever which caused his death, but there is little doubt that it was yellow fever, probably brought to Port Royal in some of the vessels from Key West. The disease has been particularly fatal at Gen. Mitchel's head-quarters, some three or four prominent officers having been stricken down by it, including the General's two sons, members of his Staff. At last accounts, however, they were likely to recover. Gen. Brannan succeeded Gen. Mitchel in the command, and issued a feeling order in relation to his death.

The rebel General Price is reported at Gen' Grant's headquarters to have moved south from Holly Springs, either with a view of attacking Corinth single-handed, or forming a junction at Huntsville or Tuscumbia with Bragg, thence to make a combined attach on Corinth. The defences of Corinth are being strengthened on an extended scale. Over one hundred buildings in the line of fortifications, now completed, have been appraised and torn down. The seminary building is now used as a hospital, but will probably be destroyed, since it is in the range of our guns. The Tishomingo House, a very large building, situated in the centre of the town, just beside the railroad track, is to be converted into a hospital, for which it is well adapted.

It was reported on Monday at Louisville, that Bragg's army was at Murfreesboro', Tenn., and that 1500 rebel cavalry were at Somerset, Kentucky.

General Lew Wallace received his orders by mail, at Louisville, to report to Gen. Grant at Corinth, and will be given an important command in the Department of the Tennessee.

FRIDAY, Nov. 7, 1862.

Despatches from the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac inform us that General Pleasanton remained on Tuesday night at Markhall, and on Wednesday morning moved toward the mouth of Chester Gap, encountering Stuart's whole force of cavalry, 3000 strong, on the way. The enemy had artillery posted on the hills, but they were speedily driven off, when the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry charged upon the rebels and routed them, taking several prisoners. During the flight of the rebels, a squadron of the Sixth Pennsylvania charged upon their flank, and our artillery threw shells among them. They left ten dead upon the field, while our loss was but one killed and five wounded. On Wednesday Salem was also occupied by Bayard's Cavalry, after driving out the First Virginia Cavalry and capturing seven prisoners.

The operations in front of Washington, in the direction of Gordonsville are carried on with spirit. A force of General Bayard's cavalry on Wednesday, had a spirited engagement with the rebel cavalry and four pieces of artillery from Warrenton, in which the rebels were defeated and driven back upon the main body. General Sickles, on the same day, made a reconnoisance as far as Catlett's Station, driving the scouts and pickets of the rebels back on Warrenton Junction.

The news from the Southwest is again becoming interesting. Gen. Grant, with several divisions of his army, from Boliva and Corinth marched into La Grange, near the Mississippi border, on Tuesday night, and the railroad to that point was to be immediately put in order, so that trains could be run down from Bolivia with supplies. The rebels still occupied Holly Springs at that time, but the opinion was entertained that they would soon evacuate it. They are said to be about 50,000 strong, but a great portion of them are fresh conscripts, and would make a poor showing against General Grant's veterans. The following advices from Holly Springs are obtained from the Memphis Bulletin, of the 30th ult.:

"There had been no movement of forces from that point, except the transfer of Villipique's Division to Meridian. Neither Price nor Van Dorn had made the least forward movement. They are not ready to do so, even if there was anything to be gained by it. On the contrary, they were pouring in reinforcements there at a rapid rate. Every day there were fresh and large arriva's principally from Louisiana and Texas. On Wednesday morning, our informant states, about six thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry arrived, all represented as from Texas. The defeat at Corinth is regarded in the Confederacy as a terrible blow, but they are lending all their efforts to overcome it. Hence the congregation of this large force at Holly Springs, where they seem to be in constant anticipation that they will be attacked by Grant."

The Montgomery (Ala.) Mail states that reports have reached high official quarters in that city to the effect that the rebel General, Joseph E. Johnston, is to supersede Bragg, and that Johnston will at once assume command of the army of Tennessee.

It is ascertained from passengers from Newbern, N. C., on board the United States steam transport Oriole, which arrived at New York on Thursday, that an expedition, consisting of 12,000 men, with cavalry and heavy artillery, left Newbern on Wednesday, the 29th ult., partly by land and partly on schooners. This expedition, which is said to be under the immediate command of Gen. Foster, comprised all the new Massachusetts regiments recently sent to North Carolina. The destination of this army was said to be some point approachable through Albemarle Sound. The gunboats Sentinel and Hussar, each armed with two heavy Parrot guns, accompanied the expedition. We shall not be surprised to learn soon that Weldon is in our possession.

The Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph of Wednesday says:—"We have learned from an official source that Gen. McClellan has requested that the drafted men be reserved for the protection of the borders of Maryland and Pennsylvania, and also for the occupation of the forts in the vicinity of Washington City, while the men now in occupancy of such forts be moved forward for active operations with the army."

IMPORTANT ARMY CHANGE.

The people of this country will be surprised to learn that General McClellan has been a second time removed from the command of the Army of the Potomac, which is now under the management and direction of General Burnside. What this act means it is difficult to comprehend, but the policy of it may well be questioned. When General McClellan was summoned hastily two months ago, to assume command again of the army, defeated and disorganized by the bad management of Pope, was understood that one of the conditions was, that he should not be interfered with in the conduct of the campaign. How he collected the broken fragments of the army, reorganized it and led it to victory, are matters of history. Now, that he has matured his plans for another active campaign, and has his army in motion to execute it, he is again suddenly deprived of his command, and ordered away to Trenton. The act has taken the army by surprise, as much as it will the public, and its effect must be anything but favorably upon it. No commander in the army has inspired his men with such confidence in his ability and skill and this confidence is half the victory to an army. Pope could not inspire it, and with the men who fought so determinedly and successfully in the seven days' conflict before Richmond, under McClellan, he was beaten and the capital of the country was seriously endangered by his defeat. Now, on the eve of another battle, the command has been handed over to Burnside, who has proved himself a good soldier, but who has shown as yet no such commanding qualities of generalship as to justify the belief that he will excel McClellan in the management of a great army.

The motives which operated with the President to make this removal at this time, are known only to himself and his immediate counsellors, and it is presumed they ought to be the best acquainted with its necessity. This presumption would be perfectly natural and proper if it were not for the great mistake which confessedly they made under similar circumstances, when they deprived General McClellan of his command, and in a few days were compelled to acknowledge the error of their judgment and invite him to take it again. Such vacillation as this, in the presumed counsellors of the nation, are not calculated to impress the public mind with the most perfect confidence in their sagacity, their knowledge of men, or their true appreciation of the present situation of affairs, and their ability to successfully command and control them. The people are apt to regard such sudden and whimsical changes as acts of caprice, arising from fear, passion, or divided councils, and do not look upon them as the serious and assured action of men of calm judgment and deliberate and intelligent purpose. The people would be better satisfied with the changes they witness, if there were not always a lurk ing fear that the inspiration which prompts them has some partizan political object, and that the acts are concessions rather to party commands and sacrifices to a supposed necessary party policy, than the just convictions of a national necessity, and for the salvation of the country. The conduct of the radical press, since the elections, does not help to remove this apprehension. They have demanded that the only means of restoring the Republican administration to the public confidence is to carry out the extreme radical Republican policy, and the only way to do this is to take the army out of the hands of those who do not sympathize with these extreme opinions, and put it in the hands of men who do. The people want victories; and victories would enforce the radical policy, and recommend it to the popular confidence and approval. It is probable that the change just announced in the command of the army, arises from some such influences as these—influences which, so far, have paralyzed our military operations, and caused a fearful sacrifice of life and treasure, without any compensating advantages.

Highly Important Intelligence.

McClellan Superceded by Burnside—McClellan Ordered to Trenton—Address of the Retiring Commander—The Army in Motion.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, SALEM, VA., Saturday, Nov. 8th, noon, via Gainsville, 3 o'clock, P. M.—The order relieving General McClellan from the command of the Army of the Potomac was received at Head-quarters at 11 o'clock last night. It was entirely unexpected to all, and, therefore, every one was taken by surprize.

On its receipt, the command was immediately turned over to General Burnside.

Gen. McClellan and his staff will leave tomorrow, for Trenton, where he is ordered to report.

The order was delivered to him by General Buckingham in person. The last official act of the late Commander of the Army of the Potomac, was the issuing of an address to the troops of a few words, informing them that the command devolved on Gen. Burnside, and taking leave of them.

There is no other news worthy of mention, excepting that the army is in motion.

From the Army of the Potomac.

A Skirmish with Stewart's Cavalry—Three Rebel Cannon Captured—Gen. Bayard Occupies the Bridge Across the Rappahannock—The Broad Run Bridge Destroyed.

HEAD-QUARTERS, WARRENTON, VA., Nov. 9.—General Pleasanton, yesterday, in a skirmish with the rebel cavalry, under Gen. Stewart, captured three pieces of artillery, also a Captain, Lieutenant, and five privates. No loss has been reported on our side.

Gen. Bayard, yesterday, occupied and now holds the railroad bridge across the Rappahannock. The bridge is not injured. The bridge across Broad Run has been destroyed.

There is nothing new at this writing from the front, at the Rappahannock. The weather today is clear and cold.

The War in Virginia.

THE OCCUPATION OF WARRENTON—LEE'S ARMY SAID TO HAVE ESCAPED—AN ATTACK THREATENED BY JACKSON AND BRAGG.

WARRENTON, VA., Nov. 7, 4 o'clock, P. M.—General Reynold's corps took possession of this town yesterday unopposed.

The place was occupied by Colonel Payne, with about 400 cavalry and two howitzers. General Longstreth's corps had occupied Culpepper for several days. Longstreth left that town last Saturday, and it was generally reported that he would encamp on the hills south of it. General A. P. Hill's command arrived there on Thursday.

Reliable citizens confirm the general belief of intelligent officers of our army, that Lee has succeeded in eluding McClellan, and that the main portion of his army is at Gordonsville.

A. P. Hill's command and Stuart's cavalry formed the rearguard. The former was at Chester Gap, and Pleasonton had pushed Stuart to Flint Hill.

Our troops found 270 wounded rebels in the hospital here. Great distress prevails among the citizens hereabouts for the necessaries of life. All the stores have exhausted their supplies and closed. The cars are expected here to-morrow. The snow storm continued till late this afternoon. Gen. Bayard, to-day, captured Lieut.-Col. Blunt, of Longstreet's staff. Blunt is Provost-General in the rebel army, and was inspecting his pickets when captured.

Leading secessionists of this town prophecy that a great battle will take place in this vicinity in a few days. They represent that Jackson is only ten miles off with 70,000 men, and Bragg moving from Gordonville in great force, and say that there is but little doubt that Jackson is threatening to attack our forces at Waterloo.

The Supplies for the Army of the Potomac.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—A letter from General Hallock to Secretary Stanton, in reference to the want of supplies, &c, for the army shows that nearly all the requisitions had been answered by the Quartermasters' Department, but that delays in the transportation prevented their prompt arrival at the location of the army.

A despatch from Gen. McClellan to Quartermaster General Meigs, exhonerates the latter from blame, and says the idea I have tried to convey was, that certain portions of the army were without clothes, and that they could not move until supplied.

Attack on Nashville by the Rebels—They are Repulsed by the Union Forces.

BOWLING GREEN, Friday, Nov. 7.—News was received this evening that Breckinridge moved from Murfreesboro, with 20,000 men, expecting to destroy Nashville. After a heavy bombardment the rebel force concluded to retire. Information of a concentrating rebel force and their intentions is derived from rebel sources. It is said Breckinridge disavowed any hope or intention to capture the city. The same day Morgan's guerrillas attempted to burn the railroad bridge between Edgefield Junction and Nashville, and were whipped. Major-General McCook entered Nashville, today, so it is safe beyond peradventure. Uninterrupted communication is sustained between Head-quarters and Nashville by couriers.

Murfreesboro' rebel papers of the 1st inst., report that the Hon. N. G. Taylor, late a prominent Unionist, has turned rebel. The Banner says the rebel advance completely surrounds Nashville, and that constant skirmishing is going on. Gen. Polk was in command of the rebel forces in Tennessee, on the 1st inst. Two important rebel characters were arrested by army agents at Louisville, to day. One was a Brigadier-General, recently under Price. He was in Kentucky on important business.

The War in Kentucky.

DEFEAT OF REBEL GUERRILLAS—DEATH OF A REBEL COLONEL.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 9.—A special despatch to the "Commercial," from Indianapolis, says—On Wednesday night, a battalion of Colonel Shackelford's 6th Kentucky Cavalry was attacked by a large force of guerrillas, under Col. Fowler, on Bird river, 7 miles from Madisonville, Kentucky. The attack was gallantly met and the rebels compelled to retire with the loss of eight killed, including Col. Fowler. A large number of wounded and prisoners were captured.

From Louisville.

ARRIVAL OF REBEL PRISONERS—REPORTED ATTACK ON NASHVILLE—MOVEMENTS OF TROOPS.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 8.—About 80 rebel prisoners arrived from Lebanon, Ky., to-night, including a son of Humphrey Marshall, who had violated his parole by joining the rebels.

The Democrat's Bowling Green correspondence, published this morning, states that an escaped prisoner, who left Murfreesboro', on Wednesday, reports that the rebel Generals Polk and Breckinridge, with 25,000 men and artillery, attacked the south side of Nashville on the Friday morning previous, while John Morgan on the north side, with 3000 men, crossed the river at the ford and attempted to destroy the bridge, but was repulsed. The result of Gen. Polk's attack was not known.

General McCook's corps, comprising Sill, Woodruff and Sheridan's divisions, reached Nashville on Friday. Gen. Crittenden's corps was at Gallatin on Friday moving down.

Gen. Cheatham, with a portion of General Bragg's army, was at Murfreesboro'. The remainder of Bragg's army, except 15,000 left at Cumberland Gap, was pushing towards Nashville.

Gen. Bragg had been arrested and superceded by Gen. Joe Johnston, for his disastrous campaign in Kentucky.

No notice had been received at Murfreesboro', which has been in constant telegraphic communication with Mobile, of the capture of the latter city. Fifteen thousand rebel troops are at Mobile.

MOBILE, Nov. 8, 11 P. M.—We have been in telegraphic communication with Mitchellsville, Tenn., for the past two days, and have received none of the above tidings.

Destruction of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum at Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—The Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, for boys, on Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, took fire from the heater at 2 o'clock this morning, and was totally destroyed There were 248 children in the building, nearly all of whom were saved. Only two are yet known to be dead, though it is feared some are beneath the ruins. Two hundred and twenty-two were brought to the female branch of the Asylum, on Conover street, this morning, and it is hoped the balance will be accounted for, as many of those rescued were found sleeping in bed in private houses in the neighborhood. The citizens and firemen turned out *en masse* in the storm to render their services in the cause of humanity. But for their efforts there must have been a terrible calamity.

The War in Missouri.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 8.—We hear nothing of special interest from Gen. Schofield's army. The rebels do not appear to have attempted to regain their lost advantages or to re-possess themselves of any part of Missouri. They have been pursued in Boston Mountains, and will certainly be compelled to retreat beyond the Arkansas river.

The rebel column that was to take Pilot Knob and Cape Girardeau from the Southeast, by way of Pocahontas, have not yet achieved such a result. On the contrary, they have been driven below Pocahontas. And portions of Gen. Steele's forces are so disposed at Pitzman's Ferry and other points, that it will be impossible for the enemy to obtain a foothold in that quarter.

The Indian Massacres in Minnesota.

THREE HUNDRED INDIANS TO BE HUNG.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Nov. 8.—Over 300 Indians have been convicted by the Military Commission at the lower Sioux Agency, as participants in the late horrible massacres, and condemned to be hung. Whether they live or die, rests with the authorities at Washington. The people of Minnesota, to a man, are in favor of their immediate execution.

Murder on Board the Pirate Sumter.

NEW YORK Nov. 9.—A letter from Gibralter, dated the 18th ult., states that the second mate, Hester, of the Pirate Sumter, shot Captain Andrews, on the 15th. The pirate craft has been taken possession of by the British, and her crew imprisoned on a man-of-war. Hester will probably be hung.

Counterfeit Treasury Notes.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—Counterfeit $50 and $100 notes, altered from $1 and $2 Treasury notes, made their appearance to-day. They are quite blurred and very defective.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

A VETERAN.—There is in the hospital, at Louisville, Ky., a soldier, named James D. Cameron, whose home is in Illinois. He is seventy years of age, and has been with the Eighteenth Regiment of Illinois Volunteers through the entire present campaign. He has been on the sick list, but his health has so far improved as to be able to rejoin his regiment in a few days. This old soldier had *nine* sons in the same regiment, four of whom were killed in the late battle at Chaplin Hills. The other five sons were in the battle, but escaped unhurt, and are now with the gallant Eighteenth on the march.

AN EIGHTY DOLLAR BREAKFAST.—At Tiffin, Ohio, on the 15th instant, the Elephant Hannibal, belonging to Van Amburg's menagerie, treated himself to a repast which cost over eighty dollars. A candy pedar had stocked his wagon with a supply of delicacies, and had gone to the hotel stable for his horse, when Hannibal broke loose from his fastenings, smashed the wagon to flinders, and "gobbled" down, in a few moments, six thousand gingerbread cakes, seventy pounds of assorted candy, and forty pounds of "French kisses."

MRS. ELIZA GURNEY, widow of the late Joseph Gurney, the eminent English Friend, and herself an eminent preacher, is now on a visit to this country. On the 27th of last month she had an interview with the President, in which "she assured him at some length of the sympathy which Friends on both sides of the Atlantic felt in him, and of the prayers which they offered up on his behalf, and closed her remarks with an earnest appeal to him to trust in Divine power."

ORIGI

ARMY AND NAVY.

COMMODORE STRIBLING.—The new commander at this naval station, Commodore C. K. Stribling, was a citizen of South Carolina at the time he entered the Navy, on the 18th of June, 1812 He has seen twenty four years and nine months of sea service, and when last at sea was in command of the East India Squadron. Soon after the breaking out of the rebellion he was ordered home, and since his return has been connected with the Lighthouse Board. The Commodore is spoken of in the highest terms by those who have sailed with him. At the present time he is on the retired list.

SAILED.—The U. S. steamer Augusta, which came here for repairs several weeks ago, sailed on Saturday. Her destination is unknown, but it is supposed that she has been sent in search of the Alabama. The Augusta is a side-wheeler, and is represented to be very fast. Her armament consists of a 100-pounder rifled gun and six 8 inch guns, taken from on board the Wabash.

Capt. John Rodgers has been detached from the command of the Galena, and ordered to the iron-clad Weehawken.

Lieutenant-Commander Leonard Paulding, has been detached from Ordnance duty, at New York, and ordered to the command of the Galena.

Ensign B. H. Porter has been ordered to the South Atlantic Squadron

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, November 12, 1862.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER,

PHILADELPHIA.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE

in Every Paper During the Entire Year!

The publishers of the "Dollar Newspaper," with a view of stimulating the friends of the paper to still further increase its circulation and the sphere of its usefulness, have determined to offer

$300 IN CASH PREMIUMS.

$100 for the largest Club, not less than 300 from any one Town.
75 for the next largest, not less than 250 from any one Town.
50 for the next largest, not less than 200 from any one Town.
40 for the next largest, not less than 150 from any one Town.
20 for the next largest, not less than 100 from any one Town.
10 for the next largest, not less than 75 from any one Town.
5 for the next largest, not less than 50 from any one Town.

No competitor to receive more than one premium for the same list of subscribers. This offer commences with the first of November, 1862, and will include all names, accompanied with the subscriptions, received between that date and the 1st day of March, 1863.

The premiums above offered, in connection with the abatement in prices allowed in the terms of the paper to those who subscribe in clubs, it is believed will be found inducement sufficient to young men in various neighborhoods to exert themselves in behalf of the "Newspaper."

The direct fruits of a little effort, as here suggested, cannot fail to secure to those making it, not only satisfactory pecuniary rewards, but the consolation of knowing that they have engaged in a work of real advantage to such of their neighbors as they may have induced to become readers of a really instructive Family Newspaper.

News being now the great feature of the times, the publishers of the "Dollar Newspaper" will devote their best energies to command the most reliable intelligence from our armies, giving in each number all

THE WAR NEWS.

For a year or two past this heretofore peaceful and prosperous nation has been involved in the most gigantic and destructive war the world has ever known, and at present the probabilities are that the interest in it will continue for months to come, though the rebellion should be sooner overcome. In the meantime the "Newspaper" will closely note its most importan events. By following the operations of the armie from day to day, succinctly presenting the whole from week to week, we shall furnish a fresh and running history of this lamentable rebellion.

THE STORY DEPARTMENT

is made up almost wholly with Original Stories, from the best authors that prompt and liberal payment can draw to its columns. The

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT,

each week, occupies some three or four of the long columns of the "Newspaper," and is a most interesting feature of the paper, being almost wholly original and comprising the usual variety for

The Farmer and Land Owner!
The Grazier and Breeder!
The Orchardist and Gardener!
The Dairyman and the Apiarian!

and for all interested in the pleasures of the fireside!

THE NEWS AND MARKET REPORTS

and all the late and important information may always be found in the columns of the "Dollar Newspaper." In this particular it stands unrivalled.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TERMS:

Payable Invariably in Advance

To Single Subscribers, one year	$1 00
Club of Six	5 00
Club of Thirteen	10 00
Club of Twenty, and one to getter up of Club	15 00
Club of Eighty, and one to getter up of Club	60 00
Club of One Hundred, and one to getter up of Club	75 00

No subscription for less than one year will be received. The "Newspaper" is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which it is paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS

inserted at 25 cts. a line per week, and as a medium for the sale of Real Estate, Stocks, &c., and for making known the various articles of Agricultural Machinery, where sold, &c., it is probably not surpassed by any other paper in the country

☞ No subscription attended to unless accompanied with the money. Address

WM. M. SWAIN & CO.,
Publishers of the Dollar Newspaper,
S. W. corner of Third and Chesnut sts., Philada.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"AUTUMN LEAVES," by A. P. McC., we have filed for early publication.

THE TRUTH TIMELY SPOKEN.

This is the season of the year when country readers generally make their subscriptions and clubs to the city newspapers. We refer all our readers to the prospectus in this week's paper, and beg to call their special attention to the following word of commendation from a correspondent and reader at Hopewell, Iowa, dated October 19th, 1861:

"The 'Newspaper' I must have; I consider it the best and cheapest paper in the United States. I can get a club of ten or twelve. Please let me know if you reduce any on large clubs, and how much."

The author of the above, and all others, are referred to our prospectus for the character and terms of the "Newspaper," while to those who contemplate interesting themselves in the formation of clubs and the procurement of subscribers, in competition for our offer of cash premiums of $300, for the largest number secured between Nov. 1, 1862 to March 1, 1863, we beg to extend the assurance that our offer will be strictly lived up to.

The following commendatory notices of the "Newspaper" are taken from a number received at this office from our exchange papers:

"DOLLAR NEWSPAPER, Philadelphia, has always been a favorite paper with us, and we are highly gratified to find it again upon our table. It stands No. 1, as a Literary, News and Agricultural paper. The latest news and market reports may always be found in its columns. Each number contains two or three columns of Agricultural matter, of a practical character, from pens of experienced persons. The original Poetry of the Newspaper has always been of a higher standard than the generality of newspaper poetry. But the greatest feature of the Newspaper, is its Original and Prize Stories. The best and most interesting Tales always appear in its columns. The publishers pay out large sums every year in prizes for a given number of the best Stories, which elicit competition from the most talented writers and the readers of the Newspaper receive the benefit of it. Five hundred dollars were recently offered for the best five Stories, which will shortly appear in the columns of the paper. It also contains a variety of miscellaneous matter, fun, puzzles, etc., and is, upon the whole, one of the neatest and best papers published. Terms: 1 copy, $1 a year; 6 copies, $5; 13 copies, $10; 20 copies, and and 1 to agent, or getter up of club, $15.—*Kansas Chief, White Cloud, Kansas*

"Of the Dollar Newspaper we feel it our duty to say that, in its peculiar sphere, as a newspaper, it is unsurpassed. The publishers deserve credit especially for their liberal encouragement of native talent. For this feature the Dollar Newspaper is peculiarly excellent."—*Bedford Gazette.*

We shall from time to time give the commendations of the "Dollar Newspaper" by our brethren of the press, that those not acquainted with its real worth may be advised by disinterested parties.

JUDGED BY YOUR HABITS.

Lads and young men are judged by their habits as well as by the company they keep. Here is an instance which has just fallen under our notice. We cut it from a periodical on our table:

A few years since, a New York merchant advertised for a boy. Soon one called at the store and offered his services. "Walk into his office, my lad," said the merchant. "I'll attend to you soon." It was not long before the merchant was at liberty, and took his seat by the boy. As he sat down, he observed a cigar in the hat which he held in his hand. "My boy," said he, "I want a smart, honest, faithful lad; but I see that you smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years, I have found cigar smoking in lads to be connected with various other evil habits. You can leave; you will not suit me." Perhaps the lad thought that the trader was very unjust to him so severely on account of a cigar. But such little things are often the best key to character. Nearly all the youths who have been ruined have carried cigars in their hats. Not that cigars ruined them; but they took other evils along with them.

DEATH OF COMMODORE PENDEGRAST.—The sudden attack of sickness which visited Commodore Pendegrast a few days ago, ended yesterday in his death after fifty years of service in the navy, in his sixty-second year. He was a native of Kentucky, but did not desert his flag, as too many of our naval officers did on the breaking out of the rebellion. He was the Commandant of the Navy Yard in this city at the time of his death, and was on the retired list.

THE NAVY YARD SITE.

A letter from the New York World is published, which gives the substance of the report of the Board of Officers appointed to survey the proposed sites for a navy yard. The report is so blended with comments by the correspondent that it is difficult to distinguish between what the naval board say and what is gratuitously interlarded by the correspondent; but enough is presented to show that the conclusion is decidedly against League Island as a site for a navy yard, and in favor of New London. The reasons assigned for the conclusion to which the board of survey have arrived will be a subject for consideration by Congress; but it is manifest from the report that it is a foregone conclusion that New London is to be the site, unless our congressional delegation should be impressed with the importance of this question, and should make themselves so well acquainted with its merits, as to be able to defend the interests of their own State and to prove the superior advantages the Government will derive from locating its navy yard at League Island.

The main objection to League Island appears to be that some millions of dollars will have to be expended upon it to fit it for a navy yard and for machine shops for Government purposes. This objection, which is thrust so prominently forward, is really none at all. The Government will have to expend a great deal of money on any new location, but this will not be the end of the expense if the location should be a wrong one. League Island, it is admitted in the report, is the best situated for the supplies of iron and coal which a navy yard and national workshop will need. It has in its immediate vicinity a population of 600,000 inhabitants, employed mostly in manufacturing and other handicrafts. This will furnish a constant supply of the skilled labor required in the workshops and put it out of the power of any combination of workmen to dictate to the Government terms upon which their services will be rendered. These advantages would save to the Government, in a few years, all the cost of fitting up the island for the navy yard, and would be a continual yearly saving afterwards to the Government in the superior economy with which materials could be furnished and the work be performed.

But we do not intend to discuss the question now in its economical bearings. The facts can be presented with force when the question comes before Congress. All we design to do by calling attention to the subject, is to awaken the minds of our representatives to its merits. They will have a large and powerful interest to contend against, an interest which is determined never to allow Philadelphia any advantage when New York can be benefitted by withholding it. This interest is determined to carry its point and it will do so, unless our representatives show a little more intelligence and a great deal more ability in defending the interests of our city and the State in our National councils. It is too often the case that they look on with indifference to matters in Congress which ought to receive their earnest attention and support, and Philadelphia is consequently pushed aside as of no account. Even in the matter of a decent Post-office for the city, it was a work of great labor to get Congress to listen to it, and that labor was mostly performed by persons not in the national councils. At last, by an act of great condescension on the part of Congress, they consented to allow the citizens to have the present cheap concern which is being erected on Chesnut street. Our citizens themselves are to blame for the shabby treatment we have always received at the hands of Congress. They take usually but a very narrow view of their present interests, and do not look at the future of their great city, while New York is wide awake looking to both present and future good, and collecting from every source the aid which can make and maintain her the first city on the continent. Her Congressional delegation are fully instructed upon their public duties, and behind them is a large and united public sentiment to give force to what they say.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

Japanese Tommy isn't dead. He has as many lives as a Tom-cat.

☞ Major General Israel B. Richardson has died at Sharpsburg, Md.

☞ The Japanese are preparing to kill all foreigners.

☞ A poor woman can see more sympathy in a sixpence than in streams of tears.

☞ Beware of the wolf when he applies for the situation of sheep dog.

☞ The best consolers of human hearts may bear broken hearts in ther bosoms.

☞ Old age is a relentless tyrant: it forbids the pleasures of youth on pain of death.

☞ Some people's hearts are shrunk in them like nuts; you can hear them rattle as they walk.

☞ If poverty, like Saul, has killed its thousands, riches, like David, has killed their tens of thousands.

☞ More epitaphs are written to show the wit or genius of the living than to perpetuate the virtues of the dead.

☞ Rowland Hill said "he wouldn't give a farthing for the man's religion whose cat and dog were not the better for it."

☞ There is no magic in the woof of the rich man's velvet against the malady slumbering under the poor man's fustian jacket.

☞ In Vienna a company has been formed for the purpose of washing the windows by machines. The charge is one cent per window.

☞ Twenty Secesh families have been banished from Memphis, as a punishment for the guerrilla outrages on the river.

☞ Prentiss thinks a woman always dresses the truth up a little. She wouldn't for the world exhibit it naked.

☞ A rebel paper says the Southern army is sadly in want of blankets and "suffers greatly these cold nights."

☞ A Western cotemporary supposes that "the fortune of war" we hear so much about are the fortunes made by the army contractors.

☞ The Governor of Ohio has suspended the writ of habeas corpus in regard to drafted aliens in the camps of that State.

☞ The pork and beef packers of Chicago have pledged themselves to work for no firm that employs negroes in their business.

☞ A little boy fell down a coal shaft in Mascoutah, Ill., a distance of 153 feet, and escaped with no other injury than a ducking.

☞ The Treasury authorities at Harrisburg give notice that all checks, drafts, etc., sent there must be stamped, or they will be returned.

☞ The Baltimore Patriot hits it very happily when it characterizes the editorial office as the impersonation of a struggle between time and space.

☞ The Southern papers are grumbling about their slow and incompetent officers with as much vehemence as our radical politicians are using towards the Union Generals.

☞ It is said that the Government has a project in hand to lower the price of coal by sending all the able-bodied contrabands, unemployed, to labor in the mines at $1 a day.

☞ It is stated positively that the President has tendered to Schuyler Colfax the Secretaryship of the Interior, in the event of Secretary Smith's acceptance of the Judgeship of the United States Supreme Court.

☞ The Japanese ambassadors contracted a bill of $20,000 at the hotels in London. They sent it to Lord John Russell, hoping England would pay it as other countries had done, but Lord John refused.

☞ The Louisville Journal in announcing the great conservative victory in Pensylvania, Ohio and Indiana, says: "We do so with a lighter heart than we have carried in our bosom for many weeks."

☞ If "lies are the ghosts of truth," how fearfully often she must have been murdered, and what wonderful power of resurrection she must have! But Quilp says, Truth can have no ghost, for she never dies, though it must be owned she has been dreadfully mangled!

☞ A package was mailed at the New York Post-office a few days since, the postage on which, prepaid by stamps, amounted to $148 48. It was addressed to London, and the contents were stated by the senders to be of the value of $7,000,000.

☞ Dr. Evans' "Medicated Safeguards and Abdominal Supporter" has been materially perfected, and is more and more popular with the officers and men of the army the more it is used. It is also a most valuable article for general travellers.

☞ The rumor is revived that Queen Victoria seriously contemplates abdicating at an early day in favor of the Prince of Wales. Probably this is a mere canard, but one of the French papers, the Patrie, goes so far as to state that this course was decided on at "a family council" recently held in Germany.

☞ There were 247 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 110 were adults and 131 children. There were 34 from consumption of the lungs; 8 from convulsions; 16 from diptheria; 9 from diarrhœa; 15 from debility; 9 from typhoid fever; 19 from inflammation of the lungs; 10 from marasmus, and 8 from gunshot wounds. Deaths and interments of soldiers in this city, 21,

☞ The Boston Post furnishes the following first rate puff of Senator Sumner: "The 'Brahma' has spoken again! He is solemn, poetical, mystic as ever! He exalts Emancipation, beatifies the President and lifts weights and ponderous dumb-bells of phraseology with the dexterity of a Winship. He throws out at arms' length huge periods, raises himself up to his chin by mighty historic facts, and uses the Proclamation as an Indian club to show the rigidity of his mental biceps. He closes with rhythmical flowers, rhetorical bouquets and a quantity of divine afflatus beautiful in essence, flowing in expression, and truly Emersonian in sense, profundity and philosophy."

LITERARY RECORD.

The Life of Edward Irving. By Mrs. Oliphant. Harpers: New York. J. B. Lippincott & Co.: Philadelphia.

This is a large and handsomely issued volume, and will be read with much interest by the entire religious community. Mrs. Oliphant here tells us the story of this son of a tanner, in a style that is most agreeable and fascinating. He was born of humble parents, was educated at Edinburg University, taught school, married one of his pupils, went into the pulpit, preached sermons with o'wer mekle gran'ner" in them for the simple Scotch people; looked like a Highland chief, while he preached with the fervor of an Ossian poet preacher; became the assistant in Glasgow of his great cotemporary, Dr. Chalmers, who was slightly impatient of his poet enthusiast; went to London to build up a dilapidated church, at the call of fifty poor Scotsmen; soon attracted the attention of Mackintosh and Canning, whose compliments to his talents filled Hatton Garden to overflowing; became a D. D., and finally became a religious enthusiast, and was suspended from preaching by the National Scotch Church. Mr. Irving occupied considerable attention in his day, and had qualities of mind that were remarkable. His eloquence commanded large audiences; his style was unusual, and grand, and powerful; he was a man of large sympathies, and of a make entirely different from his greater cotemporary and friend, Chalmers. His making himself a martyr to his fanatical proclivities adds a melancholy interest to his life. Mrs. Oliphant has written the book with all the gentleness and grace of a woman; with little of the power and force of a man.

Manual of Instruction in Object Lessons. By M. Wilson. Harper & Brothers: New York. J. B. Lippincott & Co.: Philada.

This is a most valuable book, and is admirably adapted to the wants of pupils in a course of elementary instruction. The system of instruction by "object" teaching is nothing new in principle or purpose; for it is fully carried out in Nature's teachings in the early years of childhood, and it is the system on which nearly all valuable knowledge has been accumulated in the progress of civilization of the race. The essence of the system consists in keeping the senses of touch, taste, hearing, sight and smell, the perceptive faculties—as much as possible in pleasurable activity. It is a work that no teacher should be without, and indeed families might study its pages and practice on its suggestions with much profit.

Memoirs of the Rev. Nicholas Murray, M. D. By Samuel Irenæus Prime. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is the well-written life of a man who came to this country a Roman Catholic Irish boy, with twelve dollars in his pocket; who learned the printing business in the establishment of the Harpers; who was full of his Irish humor, and earnest purpose, and ambition, and real Christian sentiments, who left printing and educated himself at Amherst College; encountered all the difficulties that a youth must encounter who makes his own way in the world; entered the ministry and labored in Pennsylvanian and New Jersey; wrote the "Kirwan" Letters, which were a vindication of his Calvinistic faith; labored long, hard, successfully, and died a D. D. in full honors; a fine example of industry and high purpose, and an honor to his profession.

A System of Logic. By P. McGregor, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The author claims in this book to comprise within moderate limits everything of general interest which properly belongs to Logic, free from prolixity, obscurity, or misrepresentation. He attempts to divest the processes of logical thought of scholastic pigments, which only perplex the mind of the student. The author seems to see clearly that the abstract propositions which he enunciates, also its application to facts and circumstances. This book will assist us in correct habits of thought more than any other. All of us cannot have the benefits of thoroughly early culture, and we must make up these deficiencies of self-culture, that we may do our duties as private men and public citizens.

The Book of Days, that most popular miscellany of popular antiquities, with numerous engravings, now in course of publication by J. B. Lippincott & Co., has reached its ninth number.

AMUSEMENTS.

At the Walnut Street Theatre, E. S. Davenport and wife continue their engagement through this week. He appeared last night in his old line of characters, of which it is unnecessary to speak. Mr. D. does nothing that he attempts badly, or even indifferently; on the contrary, he is one of the most chaste and natural actors on the American stage. Mrs. Davenport is in much the same style—quiet, ladylike and effective, without noise or rant. They never fail to please an intellectual or refined audience, and so far during their present engagement at the Walnut have attracted crowded houses. On Monday evening, of this week, they produced, the first time in this city, the new and interesting drama, founded on a popular French production, called "The Black Doctor." This piece is characterized by striking incidents, and is susceptible of telling scenic effects. It is, in short, a French spectacular drama, which electrifies only as the French can electrify an audience. It will, probably, be run the entire week.

At the *Arch Street Theatre*, J. S. Clarke is still the attraction—and attraction he is—the house being nightly filled. Clarke is now generally considered the only successor to Burton, who can with the least propriety lay claim to any comparison with that world-renowned comedian's acknowledged humor. In several of Burton's old characters Clarke is certainly very clever, and most decidedly amusing. His drunken scene in "Toodles" especially is irresistibly comic. He is now in his third week at the Arch.

The company of performers in burlesque opera, under the management of Carncross and Dixey, at the *Eleventh Street Opera House*, are perseveringly funny to good houses.

Sanford's Opera Troupe, at Concert Hall, are playing, this week, in the popular burlesque, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The singing and dancing of this company is not surpassed by that of any other.

Abel & Co.'s Stereopticon, at the Assembly Building, is increasing in favor as it really deserves, for it is a most pleasing and instructive exhibition.

Barney Williams and wife have just concluded an engagement at Boston. Miss Bateman, Wallack and Adams are playing there. Mr. and Mrs. Barney are playing at Baltimore.

☞ The Daily Chronicle is the title of a new paper which has been started in Washington, of which Col. Forney is said to be the proprietor. It promises to become a journal worthy of the capital of the country, and in its editorial and business management already displays an enterprise which will wake up the newspaper men of Washington, who are now much behind the age. It is said that the new journal will be the organ of the Administration.

☞ A New York letter says that there never was more gaiety and display in the city than there is at the present time. Never was the streets better filled with elegantly attired people. Stroll through the Central Park any of these charming autumn afternoons and you will find the roads swarming with gay equipages, and in the latter, men, women and children, whose style of dress would seem to indicate perfect national prosperity and tranquility. They are the contractors and their families, whom the unwonted demands of the war has lifted from comparative mendicity to unexpected wealth.

☞ The Daily Advertiser, in an article on the recent Congressional elections in the Middle and Western States, says: "The importance of this unprecedented revolution is increased when we reflect that in nearly every State which has been lost, the minority in the recent canvass had the aid of all the influence of both State and National Governments, exercised in many cases, as is notorious, with no sparing hand. The general triumph of an opposition under such circumstances is something more than an accident: it is a great era in the progress of the war, pregnant with the fate of the nation itself, and is to be carefully laid to heart and considered aside from all party predilections or jealousies."

☞ A letter from an officer of Gen. Burnside's army, which is reconnoitering the passes of the Blue Ridge, says: "Every mile we have travelled away from the Potomac has brought us into a more decidedly marked secession community, until here, in *Snickersville*, (Phœbus, what a name!) they generally *demand Confederate money* in place of Uncle Sam's, or any other Yankee article." Most of the secession feeling in Virginia is due to the feeling of offended State pride. They say Virginia was a sovereign State two hnndred years before the United States existed, and that she only entered the United States as a business partner, and for the common defence of all the States against the aggression of foreign powers.

☞ In New York, the other day, "a fashionably attired" fellow played upon the examining surgeon a trick. He made oath that he was subject to attacks of complete blindness, lasting from a few minutes to as many hours, and that he was most liable to these attacks after a full meal, though they often took place when he had eaten nothing for some time. His name was therefore placed on the exempt list. At the tea table that evening, he astonished his wife by telling her that he had procured exemption on the ground of periodical blindness. Her astonishment was removed by his explanation that he was always *blind* when he was *asleep*. The pair was in high glee over the matter, but the servant girl who overheard the conversation, took another view of the transaction, and her report of it has brought the too wide awake somnolent genius to grief.

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

From the Army of the Potomac.

GEN. M'CLELLAN TAKES LEAVE OF THE ARMY —ADDRESS OF GEN. BURNSIDE.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, WARRENTON, Monday Evening, Nov. 10.—Genl. McClellan was yesterday to leave for the North, but the transfer of so large a command could not be accomplished in a day, and he was therefore compelled to remain.

At nine o'clock last evening all the officers belonging to the head-quarters, assembled at the General's tent to bid him farewell. The only toast given was by Gen. McClellan, being —"The Army of the Potomac."

General McClellan and staff, accompanied by General Burnside, to-day bade farewell to this army, visiting in succession the several army corps. As the General rode through the ranks, the torn and tattered banners of the veteran regiments were dipped to greet him, while the thousands of soldiers gave vent to their feelings in continuous rounds of applause.

The General and his staff will leave by special train to-morrow for the North.

ADDRESS OF BURNSIDE.

The following order was issued by General Burnside on his taking the command of the Army:

"In accordance with General Order No. 192, issued by the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac. Patriotism and the exercise of my every energy in the direction of the army, aided by the full and hearty co-operation of its officers and men, will, I hope, under the blessing of God, ensure its success.

"Having been a sharer of the privations, and a witness of the bravery of the old Army of the Potomac in the Maryland campaign, and fully identified with them in their feeling of respect and esteem for General McClellan, entertained through a long and most friendly association with him, I feel that it is not as a stranger that I assume their command. To the Ninth corps, so long and intimately associated with me, I need say nothing. Our histories are identical.

"With diffidence for myself, but with a proud confidence in the unswerving loyalty and determination of the gallant army now entrusted to my care, I accept its control with the steadfast assurance that the just cause must prevail.

(Signed) A. E. BURNSIDE,
Major-General Commanding.

Important Army Order.

OFFICERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC TO REJOIN THEIR RESPECTIVE COMMANDS AT ONCE UNDER PENALTY OF DISMISSAL.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—The following special order has been issued:

WAR DEPARTMENT, Adj't General's Office,
WASHINGTON, Nov. 10, 1862.

Special Order No. 338.—All officers, of whatever grade, belonging to the army of the Potomac, will proceed to join their respective commands within twenty-four hours.

The penalty for disobedience of this order will be dismissal from the service.

By command of Major Gen. Halleck.
E. D. TOWNSEND, A. A. G.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—Yesterday, two new regiments arrived here, the 39d Illinois and the 143d Pennsylvania.

Fears are entertained of the capture, by the rebels, of the two companies of the 2d District of Columbia Volunteers, who left this city last week, in charge of a large number of convalescents. Their destination was McClellan's head-quarters in the field; and it seems to be pretty certain that some of the convalescents were captured by Stuart's cavalry.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

There is nothing in the latest foreign intelligence to lead to an apprehension of trouble between the United States and the foreign powers, in connection with American affairs, unless it be from the persistent course of English merchants and speculators in fitting out privateers to prey upon American commerce.

THE REPORTED CAPTURE AT PLYMOUTH.

Nothing has yet been received at the Navy Department, or from passengers arrived from Norfolk to-day confirming the reported capture of three thousand rebels at Plymouth, North Carolina.

GEN. BURNSIDE'S COMMAND.

It is ascertained that the assignment of Burnside to the command of the army of the Potomac is without limitation. Hence the reports that any other general will take the position are not well founded. This is at least the present state of affairs.

The Southern Press on the Northern Elections.

FORTRESS MONROE, Nov. 9, 1862.—At one o'clock to-day, the English frigates Cadmus and Petrel, at anchor in the roads, fired a salute in honor of the birth-day of the Prince of Wales.

The U. S. gunboat Miami left Fortress Monroe this afternoon for the coast of North Carolina, it is said. Admiral Lee went in the Miami.

The flag of truce steamboat Express arrived from Aiken's landing at two o'clock this afternoon, bringing 150 Union prisoners, in charge of Captain Mulford, of the 3d New York regiment.

The Richmond Whig, Nov. 8th, speaking of the recent Northern elections, says they show plainly that the tide sets all one way, and against Abraham Lincoln and his rampant war party. "If the electioneering asseverations and appeals of this party could be credited, this success of the Democrats is about equal to a declaration of peace. But they are not to be credited, and we are not permitted to take that comfort to our bosoms. We have reason to hope, though, that with a Democratic Congress and a Republican Administration, regarding each other as men who are in doubt, but that to-morrow they may be cutting each other's throats, the war will not be set forward any. As Lincoln and his party brought on the war, and have conducted it themselves, the people have meant by this remarkable revolution to declare not only a deep dissatisfaction, but to decree that important changes shall be made. And having found out their strength, and having less fear of the Bastile before their eyes, we may expect that the opposition will now speak their sentiments with a boldness they dared not to venture before.

"General Echols, commanding our army in Kanawha Valley, was induced to fall back by the representations of a Yankee spy, who passed himself off as a Federal officer. He came to Gen. Echols and gave himself up as a prisoner, informing the General that a large force of the enemy were coming in his rear by way of Nichols Court House. It turns out that he was a Yankee spy, sent for the purpose he unfortunately accomplished. Having large quantities of counterfeit Confederate money on his person, he was arrested, and is now in the hands of Gen. Echols, and will soon try the strength of Southern hemp.

"This move of Gen. Echols is a most unfortunate one at present. We are not only cut off from securing, through the energy of our Government, a large quantity of salt, but we have abandoned to the mercy of the merciless enemy many warm friends and supporters of the Government."

The Whig of the 8th, says:—"The changes of position of our army in Northern Virginia have been anticipated for some time, and create no surprise. There are rumors of an engagement at Snicker's Gap. From Weldon, we have reports of an advance by the enemy upon that place. If it be true, arrangements will be made to give the invaders a warm reception."

We had a touch of winter in earnest yesterday, in the shape of a snow storm. The weather was decidedly cold and inclement.

"In Jackson, on the 5th instant, a cartridge factory exploded, killing every person employed in the works. Not less than thirty lives were lost.

"MOBILE, Nov. 6.—The enemy have advanced in force to Lagrange, Tennessee, and are advancing on this place. Jackson's cavalry today had a skirmish at Lamar. It is probable the enemy will give us battle, as they are about to work strenuous efforts to open the Mississippi. The prospect of recognition is hurrying them up."

UNFOUNDED RUMOR.

FORTRESS MONROE, Nov. 9.—The report of the capture of 3000 rebels near Plymouth, by Gen. Foster, is without foundation, as we learn from a reliable source.

Resistance to the Draft in Wisconsin.

MILWAUKIE, Nov. 10.—The draft in this State commenced to-day. In some localities it passed off quietly and in order. In Ozakee county the lists were seized and destroyed. The Commissioners were severely handled, and fled to this city for safety.

In Milwaukie city there were strong indications of trouble, complaints being made that injustice had been done in some of the wards in not giving the proper credit for volunteers. A crowd of Ninth Warders assembled and marched through the city to the number of 300 or 400 in procession. The result of the matter was that the draft was postponed for the present.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, November 11, 1862.

The town talk has turned on the question whether or not Lord Lyons brings any communication to the American government from the British Ministry, looking to mediation, or interference in any way, between us and the rebel confederacy. The London journals you will see, launch out on a sea of conjecture and speculation in regard to it, and say but little to enlighten us—though that little, it must be acknowledged, warrants the conviction that his Lordship is charged with no authority whatsoever to make any representations on the subject. Private letters from high sources, by the Scotia, hint that certain members of the Cabinet were in favor of instructing his Lordship to make certain representations to Mr. Seward, conveying the idea that Her Majesty's government was persuaded that the South could not now be brought back to the Union, and that the war, therefore, was purposeless, and as detrimental to the interests of England, she must be permitted to protest against its continuance. It was designed to make that point at the Cabinet meeting called on the Thursday previous to the Saturday on which the steamer sailed, but as that Cabinet Council was postponed for some reason not yet divulged, the inference is irresistible that the noble lords in question had a sober second thought, and deemed it better, on the whole, to let Her Majesty's representative return to Washington without instructing him to do or say anything which would look like a departure from the policy of neutrality. Hence, the apprehension that England was about to take some initiatory step, looking to interference on behalf of the rebels, (an apprehension, by the way, which the stock jobbers in the "bear" interest have been working to advantage), has been satisfactorily dissipated.

As soon as Lord Lyons arrived he drove up to the Clarendon, where he will stay during the next week, a fact which goes to show that he is in no hurry to reach Washington.

Trinity Church has suffered a severe loss in the death of its rector, last Friday, at his home in St. John's Park—the venerable Rev. Wm. Berrien, D. D. Probably no clergyman in this part of the country was more widely known and beloved. He was called to Trinity parish in 1811, and, with the exception of Rev. Dr. Spring, of the Brick Presbyterian Church, was the oldest clergyman in New York. In the course of his ministry he united in wedlock more than 1000 couples, and baptized 2300 infants and adults. His funeral will take place at Trinity Church, on Monday afternoon next.

An order came from Albany on Saturday postponing the draft from Monday, in consequence of the inability of the proper authorities to determine the quotas of certain towns and cities. It is needless to say that this intelligence gladdens the heart of many a weak-kneed member of the Home Guard, but the wisdom of the proceeding will probably not be apparent to those who desired to see an end put to the double-shuffling that has been going on on this subject from the start. Many, indeed, begin to suspect that the Governor is not playing fair with the Government, but intends to shirk the draft altogether. This may not be true; I trust it is not true, but it is coming to be the general impression.

A man named Stephen Bottsford, cut his throat with a razor, last Saturday, in the presence of his father, at his residence, 78 West Forty-eighth street. He was laboring, at the time, under a fit of temporary insanity.

Hon. Simon Cameron, on his arrival (per Scotia) on Saturday, was waited upon by many of his personal and political friends, to congratulate him on his safe return home. He left for Washington on Monday.

The cattle market has been the scene of not a little excitement between the wholesale butchers and the drovers—the former insisting that the latter shall bear the tax of 30 cents per head, imposed by Congress upon all slaughtered beef, and the latter resisting the assessment, as not only something unfair in trade, but disloyal to the Government. The leading drovers have set their faces against it, and the probability is that the butchers will have to take the back track. Every tub must stand on its own bottom, and there is no disposition in any quarter to shoulder the tubs of other people.

The result of this New York election, going to Europe by the last steamer, will doubtless have an influence there. The belief among thinking men here is, that it will have the effect to impress public sentiment, on this side of the Atlantic, with the conviction that the great mass of the American people intend to carry on this war to the end, upon strictly consitutional principles, and that though radicalism may now and then get the upper hand, it must ultimately succumb to patriotism and common sense.

Six thousand one hundred and ninety-one emigrants arrived at this port during the month of October last, an increase of nearly three thousand upon the arrivals for the corresponding season last year.

Japonicadom was in a flutter last week, over a fashionable wedding, in the upper part of the city. The bride was Miss Kate Dix, niece of the gallant General of that name, and the bride groom, Philip Lawrence, Esq., a well known merchant of John street.

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

—The Philadelphia Banks, with the exception of the Bank of North America, which divides in January and July, announced their semi-annual dividends yesterday. We give below the dividend of each, compared with that made in May last, and the aggregate amount divided:

Banks.	Capital.	Dividends. May.	Nov.	Amount.
Philadelphia	$1,800,000	3	4	$72,000
Farmers and Mech	2,000,000	3	3½	70,000
Commercial	1,000,000	3	3	30,000
Mechanics'	800,000	4	5	40,000
Northern Liberties	800,000	4	5	25,000
Southwark	350,000	5	7	17,500
Kensington	250,000	5	7	12,500
Penn Township	300,000	3	4	14,000
Western	416,600	4	4	16,744
Manuf. and Mech's	570,150	3	4	22,806
Commerce	250,000	4	4	10,000
Girard	1,000,000	4	4	40,000
Tradesmen's	150,000	4	4	6,000
Consolidation	267,560	3	4	10,702
City	443,850	3	4	17,754
Commonwealth	235,276	3	3	8,858
Corn Exchange	185,340	3½	4	7,413
Union	206,460	3	3	6,193
Totals	$10,727,235			$427,170

As compared with May the dividends are very generally increased, the amount divided reaching $427,170, on a capital of $10,727,235. The only banks dividing below four per cent. are two of the new banks, (Commonwealth and Union,) the Commercial, and Farmers and Mechanics'. All the dividends declared are clear of all tax. The Philadelphia, Farmers and Mechanics', Western, Kensington, Corn Exchange, Bank of Commerce, Southwark and Tradesmen's pay on demand; the Consolidation on the 11th; the Commonwealth on the 15th, and the Girard, Mechanics', Commercial, and Manufacturers and Mechanics' on the 14th instant.

—The following abstract of Company reports shows the coal tonnage for the week and season, as compared with the corresponding time last year:

Roads.	Week.	Season.	Last Season.	Incr'se.	Decr'se
Reading	53,794	3,102,254	1,492,889	609,764	
Sch. Nav.	28,068	860,923	1,021,320		160,397
Lehigh N.	16,035	294,328	956,684		562,332
Lehigh V.	22,517	794,054	678,707	115,337	
Del & Lack	23,063	928,307	944,874		6,567
Del & Hud	26,320	518,457	666,677		148,220
Pa Coal Co	23,332	496,118	569,736		73,621
Shamokin	8,383	210,057	197,690	12,367	
Bud. Top	6,092	269,830	224,765	45,067	
Lykin's V	5,134	150,995	139,107	10,839	
Trevorton	1,512	53,332	41,676	11,619	
Totals	215,330	6,678,566	6,824,125	605,603	951,167

There is an increased coal tonnage the past week, the excess over last week being about 25,000 tons. This gives us an aggregate tonnage for the season of 6,678,566 tons, against 6,

THE CORN-FIELD.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

Summer time amid the corn,
Summer odors, eve and morn,
Floating round it every way,
Perfuming night and scenting day;
Meadow sweet, whose creamy truss
Is twined with pink convolvulus,
Spotted foxglove bare-bell blue,
Forget-me-not, to lovers true,
That grows with wilh mint by the stream,
In which their pale blue shadows gleam;
Eye-bright white and golden green,
By the rose a ruby seen;
Crimson ling and purple heather
Bending all their heads together
O'er the scarlet pimpernell;
All these throw their mingled smell
Around Summer's fading bowers,
Forming her last wreath of flowers.

Corn rustles on the upland lea,
Like the murmur of the sea
That comes at pleasant eventide,
Where the beach winds smooth and wide;
Bird boy's call heard loud and long,
Clapper chiming to his song;
From early morn to evening gray
Doth he scare the birds away,
And his cry comes in between
The stop and stir of branches green,
Little pauses, through which creep
Faint jinglings of the bells of sheep;
While the shepherd dog's deep bark
Starts from the corn the frightened lark;
And as the village children sing
While through the corn-fields wandering,
Convolvuli and poppies red,
They twine around each other's head.

Sun-tanned reapers 'mid the corn,
From the earliest peep of morn,
Long before the dew has dried,
Leaving the shorn ears spread wide,
Till the sun's red rays come down,
And give them that rich golden brown
They wear when bound in plumy sheaves.
His labor oft the reaper leaves,
And on the cool stream's flowery brink,
Lays him down, full length, to drink,
In shadow of the wooded holt,
Where the ass browses by her colt.
Like a figure in a dream,
Fast asleep beside the stream,
Lies a maiden by her sickle,
The ripples o'er her bare feet trickle,
While bees murmur in the shade,
And lull to sleep the weary maid,
Close at her head the harvest mouse
Has on three corn-stalks built her house;
Wonder to all learned men
How she feeds her children then,
In compass of a cricket-ball?
How she reaches them at all?
Without being smothered? how they rest,
In such a small, close-woven nest.

Now the barred gate's thrust aside,
Making passage clear and wide
For the heavy-laden wain:
Piled so high with ripened grain,
That the trees along the road
Take toll from the rocking load,
'Till their branches seem to stoop [droop.
Through weight of gold that from them
In a huge rick beside the grange,
They the heavy sheaves will range,
Placing all the ears inside, [hide,
The long-tailed field-mouse there will
Sleep and feed the winter through,
Without a care about the morrow.

In the leafless fields are seen
Rustic groups who've come to glean;
Children, alwa's with an eye
To where the dinner basket lie,
O'er which the watchful dog keeps guard;
And they think it very hard
Meal-times are so long delayed.
There the pretty village maid,
Who has lately shed her place,
Throws the ringlets from her face,
And, as she doth upright stand,
Straightens the long ears in her hand.
The mother, smiling by her side,
Looks on her sun-burnt cheeks with pride,
Talks of the days that she has seen,
"And now to think I'm forced to glean!"
Talks of the harvest feats which she
Enjoyed in her prosperity,
Talks—and forgets her poverty.

THE FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CHOICE BOOKS FOR THE FARMER.

Let me give you a brief sketch of some choice books for the farmer, as some of your readers may desire to make a selection of such works for their own use and that of their sons.

VON THAER.—Albert D. Von Thaer's "Principles of Practical Agriculture" is a valuable work, whose author is regarded as the father of improved husbandry in Germany. The copy before me contains 551 pages, printed in one volume, by A. O. Moore, of New York, in 1858. But it should be in *two* volumes, as the print is too fine and cost about its present shape. It would make two volumes of this size, in good-sized type, and cost about $2 per volume.

LIEBIG.—Justus Liebig's "Letters on Modern Agriculture" is a small volume of 284 pages, London edition of 1859. This work of the great German chemist is worthy of careful perusal and study, despite all of Liebig's errors in this book and in his former work on "Agricultural Chemistry."

BOUSSINGAULT.—Jean Baptiste Boussingault's "Rural Economy, in its Relations with Chemistry, Physics and Meteorology" is a French work of much ability. It made its first appearance at Paris in 1844, and a new revised and corrected edition of it was also published there in 1851—which revised edition, I presume, has been translated into English and published here in America.

MORTON.—John C. Morton's "Cyclopedia of Agriculture Practical and Scientific," in two large quarto volumes, arranged in alphabetical order as to subjects, the first volume, from A to G, containing 1029 pages, was published in London in 1855. It embodies a vast amount of useful agricultural reading, and is a library in itself.

STEPHENS.—Henry Stephens' "Book of the Farm" is also an English work, and contains much matter of but little importance to an American Farmer, still it may be read with advantage. It was republished here in 1860 by Saxon, Barker & Co., in two octavo volumes, first volume containing 569 pages, and the second volume 478 pages—price $2 per volume.

And then among our own American works on agriculture we have Jesse Buel's "Farmer's Companion," in one small volume of 303 pages, full of valuable thoughts; second edition, printed in 1840. John P. Norton's "Elements of Scientific Agriculture," in one small volume of 208 pages, published in 1860. Emerson and Flint's "Manual of Agriculture," in one small volume of 306 pages, with questions for schools, and 284 pages without the questions, published in 1862. John H. Klippart's "The Wheat Plant, its origin, culture, growth," &c., in one volume of 706 pages, full of very useful and interesting information and published in 1860. Dr. Asa Fitch's "Noxious, Beneficial and other Insects," in two volumes, first volume of 336 pages, published at Albany in 1856, and second volume of 324 pages, published in 1859 at same place. Darlington's "American Weeds and Useful Plants," in one volume of 460 pages, by George Thurber, and published in 1859, an illustrated edition. Gray's "Lessons on Botany and Vegetable Physiology, illustrated by over 300 wood engravings," in one volume of 236 pages, published in 1859. Hitchcock's "Elementary Geology," in one volume of 430 pages, published in 1860. C. W. Johnson's "Farmers' and Planters' Encyclopedia on Rural Affairs," a large dictionary, on agriculture, of 1179 pages, published at Philadelphia in 1856. Anderson's "Elements of Agricultural Chemistry," in one small volume, published at Edinburg, in Scotland in 1860—a pretty good book, so far as it goes, but entirely too brief. The last is a Scotch work. And now, if any one of your agricultural readers will give us similar notice of *other* choice books on farming, useful for the farmer's study in our long winter evenings, it will, I am sure, be doing a favor to our rural population.

October, 1862. WEST-BRANCH.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

OCCUPATION FOR WINTER.

Farmers, the winter season, with its rain and sleet, bleak winds and deep snows is upon us. Let me ask you the question: How are you spending your leisure moments? Of course the stock should be properly sheltered and fed, and firewood cut and hauled sufficient to last another year—the farmer now-a-days has very little labor besides to perform during the cold winter months. The primitive style of pounding out grain with a flail, or treading it out with horses, in this age of progress in agricultural implements, is pretty generally dispensed with, at least it is the case in the West. This is the season of rest to the farmer; but the precious moments should not be idled away at the village tavern or store. The idea that to be a farmer it is only necessary to have a strong arm and stout heart should be banished. And how is this thing to be done? By intellectual improvement. The farmers are the "bone and sinew" of the land, physically, and they *ought* to be so intellectually and morally. And there is nothing to prevent this if they only improve the winter months by reading and study. You need not make the excuse that you are "too old to learn." Remember that Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits until he had reached his fiftieth year. Remember that Cato, the Censor, at eighty years of age, and who, by the way, was a farmer, laboring with his own hands, with his servants, when not engaged in public duties, commenced the study of the Greek language. Though farmers may not desire to become linguists or philosophers, there is no reason, if they but improve their leisure moments, why they should not make of themselves intelligent and thinking men, fitted to adorn any station in public life.

Physiologists tell us that if one would have sound mind, we must have a sound body, and that to have vigor of intellect we must have vigor of body, which can only be acquired by regular exercise in the open air. Look at the merchant or professional man, who, for a large portion of the time, is confined within doors. Observe, in many cases, the pale, cadaverous sunken faces, and the loose joints and attenuated limbs—the long, tapering and bloodless fingers, and many other indications denoting that they are fit subjects for dyspepsia, hypochondria, and an almost unlimited catalogue of other diseases. On the other hand, look at a majority of the farmers, with their bronzed if not ruddy cheeks, their broad and muscular chests, their elastic steps, the loud ring of their voices as they drive their "cattle which feed on a thousand hills;" and then tell me not that the farmer is designed to be a mere machine, designed merely to produce what himself and others wish to eat; and that to be a farmer, it is only necessary that a man should have education enough to read, write and cypher. The fact is, farming must gradually become more and more ennobled. The inventive genius of the age has been turned toward the production of labor-saving machines, and likewise to the improvement and invention of agricultural implements. The crooked stick for a plow, the hand-rake as a means of gathering hay, the scythe and the sickle are obliged to give way before the onward march of the cast-iron plow, the horse-rake, the mowing-machine and the reaping machine. I have no fears that the price of produce or labor will be materially reduced by the use of these labor-saving machines, for it requires a large number of men to manufacture them, and they must all be fed and clothed, and it takes farmers of some skill and judgment to use them. Instead of the price of produce being too low, it now bears as high a price as the consumer can afford to pay for it. But whilst all branches of mechanics, the arts and agriculture are thus progressing, there is no reason why the farmers, during the winter months, should not go forward in intellectual improvement. Books and newspapers are cheap, whilst produce bears a fair price. Brother farmer, let us then take advantage of the state of the market by purchasing good books, not "yaller kivered," and reading them and subscribing again for the "Dollar Newspaper."

Florence, O., 1862. E. T. N.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

DRAINAGE.

Among the many scientific investigations which claim our undivided attention in the science of rural economy none would prove so lucrative to the farmer as that of giving his land a thorough drainage before he should ever attempt to cultivate it. Many of our most prominent farmers now-a-days, and for remote ages in antiquity, have cultivated large and extensive tracts of swamp land, which proved to be valueless to them. We ask why is this? What is it that causes these unprolific crops? The reason will appear obvious to all who have any knowledge of the effects of water when it becomes putrescent. The noxious effluvia arising from putrefactive water are prejudicial to the growth of all vegetation. How much of our land is in such a state which not only proves, when brought to a state when it can be cultivated, valueless, but a perfect contamination to our health, causing, in many instances epidemics in its vicinity!

High lands are subject to a proper drainage as well as swamp lands. In our own estimation, we do not believe there is one farm out of a hundred but what needs drainage to bring it into a high state of cultivation. It is evident to every mind whose moral and physical faculties have been developed from ignorance and superstition, that no farmer ever did raise good crops of wheat on wet land, nor where there were pools which became a mass of ice during winter. In such cases as these, the grain becomes frozen when in the ground, and never arrives at maturity, nor ever can produce well developed seed. Many of our farmers are continually complaining of its being too wet or too dry for the growth of their vegetation. This vicious habit would soon be eradicated if they would give their lands a proper drainage. This is one of the many reasons of so many unprolific crops in our enlightened country. When our lands are not properly drained they become, when dry, a hard, compact substance which water cannot penetrate, nor even the roots of vegetation; and we might as well sow our grain on a rock as in this hard, dry, compact substance. The numerous advantages derived from a thorough drainage of our lands will first appear astounding to the careless farmer who has never contemplated one problem on the improvement of his lands. We anticipate that farmers whose minds yet trace the footsteps of our ancestors in the science of rural economy will not corroborate with us the following brief remarks of the many advantages derived from treating and cultivating our lands after drainage, and the effects it produced on them. Thorough drainage prevents high land from becoming hard and compact during a drought. It produces a moisture in the ground which nourishes the plants. Many would not believe this statement; but just try it. "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other." It keeps our land from freezing during winter. This every person has witnessed who ever experienced a cold winter where there was a ditch to convey the water off. It keeps the soil from washing and being cut up by water which has nothing to convey it off, by which farms are rendered unfit for cultivation. It produces early in the spring a warmth in the soil, which has a tendency to keep the grain, which is buried, from rotting, but comes up quickly and thrives. Last and not least: It causes our land to produce prolific crops which by no other means could be obtained. A FARMER'S PLOW BOY.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

The past season has demonstrated the fact that the Chinese Sugar Cane can be successfully cultivated in the Northern States, and thousands of farmers who have been watching with interest the experiments made with it, will henceforth make it a part of their annual crops. Having had some experience for the last three years, both in raising and manufacturing it, I offer a few suggestions to those who intend to try its cultivation hereafter. It should be planted on warm, sandy soil, well manured, plowed deep, and well harrowed just before planting. The seed should be scalded with boiling water, and left in the water for ten or twelve hours. When the water is poured off, it should be kept in a warm place three or four days till it is sprouted, then planted in drills about four feet apart, putting in the seed plentifully and covering abuut one inch deep. As soon as it is up large enough to be readily distinguished, it should be well cultivated with the hoe and thinned out, leaving the plants about a foot apart in the rows, after which it may be worked with the cultivator or shovel-plow, the same as corn. In the fore part of September, as soon as the seed begins to turn black, the leaves should be all stripped off, and when the seed is all black it is ready for grinding. It can be ground in almost any kind of a mill, from a wooden one with two rollers, costing $3 or $4, and securing about three-quarters of the juice, to a first rate iron one costing from $100 to $200. The best way of boiling is to boil it in a large wooden trough with *steam*, but this is too expensive, unless the steam can be borrowed from some stationary steam boiler. Where this cannot be done, the next best way is to make the sides of the boiler with wood, and the bottom of copper or galvanized sheet iron. Naked iron should never be allowed to come in contact with the juice, as it corrodes and gives the syrup a dark color and a sharp taste. The boiler should be shallow, not more than four or five inches deep, and large or small in proportion to the amount of syrup to be made. One square foot of surface will make a gallon of syrup in twelve hours, and a pan five by ten feet square will make fifty gallons in twelve hours.

Nothing is necessary to clarify it except to strain it, boil and skim it. It should be brought to boil as soon as possible after being ground, because fermentation commences in the juice as soon as it is expressed from the cane, and the longer it continues the more acid it will contain. With proper care and judicious management a better article of syrup can be made from the Chinese Sugar Cane than from any we get from the South. It tastes more like honey.

Troy Grove, Ill., 1862.

TO PREPARE TREES FOR PLANTING.

With a sharp knife cut off, sloping from the under side, any bruised or broken roots, then reduce the tops to correspond with the loss of roots, cutting off surplus branches and reducing those forming the head to three or four buds on each of last year's shoots. This will cause a more healthy and vigorous growth the first season; its omission is a common cause of the failure or sickly growth of newly-planted trees.

In setting, let one person hold the tree in its position, while another fills in the mellow earth, pressing it firmly among the roots with the hand, taking care to leave no cavities underneath, and when the roots are all covered pressing the whole down firmly with the foot.

Avoid deep planting. When all is finished the tree should be no deeper than when in the nursery.

Grapevines should be cut back to two or three eyes, and only one of these be permitted to grow the first year.

Raspberries and blackberries should be cut back to within one foot of the ground.

Gooseberries and currants should be cut back to one or two eyes of last season's growth.

The time for planting, in the autumn, is after the first hard frost until the ground is closed (from the 20th of October to the last of November, in Ohio), or any time in the spring before the opening of the buds. Trees procured in the fall may be kept safely for planting in spring by burying them half their length in mellow earth (in a sloping position) where no water is liable to stand; a slight covering of brush or forest leaves over the tops will be of service in case the winter should prove severe. Small bushes, like raspberries, grapes, &c., may be buried entirely in earth.

Trees planted in the fall should have earth hilled up around the stems, six inches or more in height, to hold them firmly in position during the winter, and protect the roots somewhat from frost and excess of wet. This is also a protection against injury by mice. In spring the earth should be levelled, and two or three inches of coarse manure or litter spread on the surface over the roots for a space of four or five feet in diameter; this will keep the surface moist, prevent baking, and check the growth of weeds.

If planting is done rather late in spring, and in dry weather, it is well to give water freely, after setting the trees and covering the roots with earth, letting it settle before finishing up; then if the surface is mulched as recommended, no farther water is necessary.

THE HAY CROP.

A correspondent of the New York Express, in looking over the returns of the last census of the United States, has discovered some interesting statistics touching the hay crop of the country, its value, etc. The following figures give the product in geographical sections, as shown by the census of 1860:

Districts.	Tons.	Value, '60.	Value, '50.
New England,	3,848,004	$38,480,040	
Middle Dist.,	6,316,935	63,189,350	
Western Dist.,	7,049,013	70,490,130	
Slaveholding D.	1,857,554	18,575,540	
Territories,	55,022	556,220	
Total,	19,129,128	$191,291,280	138,386,420

INCREASE IN TEN YEARS.

5,290,486 tons. $52,904,360 value.

Comparing the product of 1850, which was 13,838,642 tons, valued at $138,386,420, with that of 1860, exhibits an increase of 5,290,486 tons, amounting to $52,904,860 for the ten years.

The hay crop of the country is regarded, as it undoubtedly is, a very important crop, and especially so in our Western and Southern latitudes, but the amount of labor required in the curing and feeding it to stock, as well as providing for its covering is a most severe tax upon the farmer's industry in these districts and from which the planters inhabiting our Southern latitudes are exempt. This has been made so clear by Thomas P. Kettell, Esq., in a statistical pamphlet, published by him in 1861, that we take the liberty to quote him: "This crop of hay is vaunted as a crop of great value, even as 'rivalling cotton' in magnitude, and offsetting that crop in its importance as a national product. This view of the subject is more specious than real, however. The object of making hay is to cure the grass so that it can be transported to cover, and feed cattle through these rigorous northern winters, which prevent them from seeking their own food in its natural state. Where these winters do not exist, that necessity does not arise, but the cattle have not the less food. The making of hay then is not a valuable labor, but an expense in the keeping of cattle imposed by climate. Accordingly we find, as we proceed South, the winters being shorter, less hay is made in proportion to the number of cattle kept. In Maine, 755,889 tons of hay were made, and there were 385,115 head of cattle and horses to feed. This is a ratio of nearly two tons per head. In Illinois, 601,952 tons of hay were made, but 1,190,264 head of cattle were kept, or rather more than half a ton per head. In Alabama, 32,685 tons of hay were made, and 915,911 head of cattle kept, or about one ton to 30 head of cattle. In the aggregate, the hay crop of the country, and the number of cattle kept were as follows:

	No. of cattle.	Tons of hay cut.	Pounds per head.
North,	5,460,820	9,473,605	3,460
West,	5,167,895	3,327,253	1,260
South.	13,476,689	1,137,784	170
Total,	24,098,404	13,383,642	

"This crop of hay, therefore, is a tax upon the labor of the Northern farmer proportionate to the number of cattle he seeks to winter, and the rigor of the winter he has to provide for. To count this expense among the advantages of free labor is certainly a very fallacious mode of convincing the laborer of its blessings, and would leave the inference that free labor in Maine is much more profitable than in other free States. The advantages of the Southern climate are, that not only is natural fodder more abundant, enabling the same land to support more cattle, but the labor, which at the North is employed to make that fodder available, is at the South applied to other productions. The labor, which at the North will give 100,000,000 of hay, will at the South not being needed for that purpose, give 100,000,000 of cotton.

"It is for this, among other reasons, that the productions of the South ore so much more per head than the West or North. The chief reason is, however, that the labor at the South is collective, while the free labor at the West depends upon its own resources, and is not able to hire the needful help in sowing and harvest seasons. Improvements in machinery have been a great help in this respect, enabling the farmer to get more into and more off the ground than his unassisted labor could do."

We would commend the foregoing extracts from Mr. Kettell's pamphlet to the careful attention of our readers.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

MAKING CIDER.

This is the month for making cider, and yet how few take the pains to have juice that will keep through the winter and be even richer and more sparkling as the days and weeks roll away! Most people appear to think that the very last run of apples, those which even the hogs turn up their noses at, are good enough for cider, and hence you will find them seated on a cart-load of dead leaves, dirt and rotten apples, filled with ants and other vermin, *en route* for the mill. When all the other uses for apples are supplied, those left under the tree are hoed or raked up dirt, sticks, leaves and everything else, and then shovelled into the wagon to be turned into cider, at least they call it cider, but I should much prefer to go without it a long while before imbibing *such* a liquid. Now, to have good, pure cider, we must have clean, juicy apples, a mixture, say, of half sweet and half sour. Let enough of these be shook from the trees to make a pressing *expressly for the owner*, and, when he takes it home, he will find that he has a drink that will fairly smack his lips smack. When fermented, draw off into clean, sweet barrels, and after it has stood a fortnight draw off again. It is the dregs, or floating particles in the cider that makes it sour, and these must be removed in order to keep sweet, even, if you have to rack it off three or four times. When you are sure it is clear, drop a couple of ounces of fish sounds with a pound of white mustard seed in each barrel, and set them away, bunged tightly, in a cool place. F. A. E.

Rye, N. Y., 1861.

Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.

RECIPES.

VENISON STEAKS—Should be boiled, well buttered, and sent to the table immediately, upon well warmed dishes.

VENISON PIE.—Venison should be stewed tender, like veal or chicken, and is made in precisely the same manner, except that it requires rather higher seasoning.

FRESH MEAT GRIDDLES.—Chop all the bits of cold fresh beef or veal, season with salt and pepper; make a griddle batter and lay a spoonful on the iron well buttered to prevent its sticking, then a spoonful of the chopped meat, then a spoonful of batter.

POLISHING AND STAINING MAHOGANY.—Take of Linseed oil one gallon, alkanet root three ounces, rose-pink one ounce. Boil them together ten minutes, and strain so that the oil be quite clear. The furniture should be rubbed with it every day until the polish is brought up, which will be more durable than any other.

CRACKERS.—Rub six ounces of butter with two pounds of flour; dissolve a couple of teaspoonsful of saleratus in a wineglass of milk and strain it on the flour; add a teaspoonful of salt, and milk enough to enable you to roll it out; beat it with a rolling-pin for half an hour, pounding it out, thin; cut it into cakes with a thimble. Bake them about fifteen minutes, then take them from the oven. When the rest are baked sufficiently, take them out, set in the crackers, and let them remain till baked hard and crispy. THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Barrington, N. Y., 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

AUSTRALIAN COFFEE.

I have never seen any article in the "Newspaper" on this subject, and as I consider the raising of coffee to be of the greatest importance to the people of the West, I will give my experience. The seed can be procured at the East for about two cents per pound. You plant about the 10th of May, putting one seed in a hill, about four feet each way. After the plants are about four inches high, they must be cleared of weeds by the hand, as they will be too tender to use a hoe amongst them. When large enough run a small plow or cultivator through, and throw the dirt away from the hill the first time; the second plowing it will bear the plow up to the hills. It is not any more work to raise an acre of coffee than an acre of corn. The coffee sells readily here for five cents per pound, and thirty bushels to the acre is called an average yield. As for the quality of the coffee it is impossible to tell it from the genuine coffee which sells in our stores at from twenty-five to thirty cents per pound, and raising in price at that. The coffee weighs about fifty pounds to the bushel.

GILL BATES.

Hopewell, Clark County, Iowa, 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRY ANSWERED.

CHICKORY.—*Columbia County, Pa.*—Chickory roots are sliced lengthwise, then the slices are cut crosswise, so as to be about the size of a coffee bean when dry, and thus they are brought to market. The drying is done mostly in an oven. For use they are mixed with the coffee, browned and ground together. In many countries coffee is never used alone, always with a large proportion of chickory. The usual proportion is about two-thirds chickory; but in needy circumstances it is often nine-tenths; then the coffee beans are counted. H. Z.

WE'VE ALL OUR ANGEL SIDE.

The huge rough stones from out the mine
Unsightly and unfair,
Have veins of purest metal hid
Beneath the surface there.
Few rocks so bare but to their heights
Some tiny moss-plant clings,
And round the peaks so desolate
The sea-bird sits and sings.
Believe me, too, that rugged souls
Beneath their rudeness hide
Much that is beautiful and good—
We've all our angel side.

In all there is an inner depth,
A far-off secret way,
Where through the windows of the soul
God sends his smiling ray.
In every human heart there is
A faithful sounding chord
That may be struck unknown to us
By some sweet loving word.
The wayward will in man may try
Its softer thoughts to hide,
Some unexpected tone reveals
It has an angel side.

Despised, and lone, and trodden down,
Dark with the shade of sin,
Deciphering not those halo-lights
Which God has lit within:
Groping about in utmost night,
Poor, poisoned souls there are,
Who guess not what life's meaning is,
Nor dream of heaven afar.
O that some gentle hand of love
Their stumbling steps would guide,
And show them that amidst it all
Life has its angel side.

Brutal, and mean, and dark enough
God knows some natures are,
But He compassionate comes near,
And shall we stand afar?
Our cruise of oil will not grow less
If shared with hearty hand;
For words of peace and looks of love
Few natures can withstand.
Love is the mighty conqueror,
Love is the beauteous guide,
Love with her beaming eye can see
We've all our angel side.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE STORY OF A SIBERIAN EXILE.

M. Rufin Pietrowski, a Siberian exile, has published in the English papers an interesting account of his banishment and escape. The principal points of his narrative are as follows: He went from Paris to Kamiensec in Podolia, in 1843, under a feigned name and with an English passport, being desirous of revisting a country from which he has been banished, and having some political objects in view, when, after a sojourn of some months, he was detected by the Russian police, sent into custody to Kiew, and there condemned to his Siberian banishment. The author's status of noble exempted him from the worst infliction, that of making the journey to Siberia on foot. To those who incur the latter sentence, and they are the great majority, amounting, as they did then, to about ten thousand annually, the journey from Kiew to Tobolsk occupies a full year; and if they are assigned to the mines of Nertchinsk, in the Government of Irkutsk, upwards of two years. During this long and exhausting journey they are liable to the knout or to other murderous punishments, which the author describes. But he, himself, though condemned to hard labor, was transported in a kibitka, laden with heavy chain, which distressed him terribly, as a milder alternative.

Arrived at Ekaterininski Zarod, he was first condemned to work in irons at the government distillery, in the company of atrocious criminals. His chains were, however, removed, and by degrees his lot was ameliorated, until eventually, like some of his educated compatriots, he was employed as a clerk in the distillery office. He was, nevertheless, liable to frequent chastisement at the caprice of the superintendent, though by his diligence, patience and tact, he contrived to escape this indignity. One curious and shocking incident of Siberian exile is the destiny which attends the children who may be born to the prisoners, and who are fated to remain serfs of the crown. Even when their parents are amnestied and permitted to return, this degradation still attaches to the children, unless they are exempted by special decree; yet even this has not prevented noble Polish ladies from following their husbands, though under the condition, also, that once in Siberia they must thenceforth remain there.

Attempts at escape are punished by incarceration in the fortress of Akatonia, or by more summary tortures. The writer tells the story of a certain Abbe Sloreczinski who attempted to organize a concerted effort for the liberation of himself and his companions, and who was condemned to 7000 strokes "*sans merci*," and who received the last 3000 on his lifeless body. Another Pole, Wysocki, incarcerated at Akatonia, formed the design of forcing his way with his comrades, across the steppes to Persia or China, so chimerical were the hopes entertained by these unhappy exiles, and so invariably, except in the author's case, had been their speedy frustration. At the end of 1845 an ordinance of the Emperer Nicholas enjoined a more rigorous treatment of the Siberian prisoners, and threatened to abridge the little liberty which the author then enjoyed, whereupon he determined to make for Archangel.

Having furnished himself with sham passports and some little money, on the 8th of February, 1846, he crossed the Irtiche, at night, by a boat, which was left anguarded on its bank, and, disguised as a Russian peasant, he commenced his unprecedented journey. Its success probably turned on the single lucky chance of his meeting a peasant at the outset who gave him a lift behind too fleet horses as far as Tara. Here he found other horses, and in a few stages he got quickly ahead of his pursuers, if, as is likely, he was pursued. It was rarely that he ventured to claim a refuge at the Izbas on his route, and though the winter was one of unusual rigor he plunged at nightfall into the forest, and slept in a hole in the snow.

He states that by degrees he acquired great skill in the construction of this species of shelter, and that he contrived to take repose there, though the absence of warm nourishment was most distressing to him, and the frozen bread which at intervals he procured at the Ostiak cabins was a miserable support under such extreme hardships. As a rule the inhabitants whom he ventured to accost were compassionate and hospitable, though in one place he was suspected, from his possession of four shirts, an unusual number for a Russian peasant, and at another place he was robbed of some of his little stock of money and of his passport. Crossing the crest of the Ural mountains by moonlight, the grotesque desolation of the scenery deepened the terrors and depression of his strange situation; yet after two months of this savage existence in the snow and the forests, he reached the gates of Veliki Oustiong in April, 1846.

Up to this point he had affected the character first of a traveller to the fair at Irbite, then of a workman seeking employment, and now he assumed that of a pilgrim going to salute the sacred images of the Convent of Solovetsk in the White Sea. In company with a number of other pilgrims he worked his passage down the Dwina to Archangel, and at length beheld the bourne of his exhausting journey. Here, however, as he crept along the quays, desiring but not daring to accost some foreign captain in the sight of his countrymen, he observed that a Russian official barred the entry to every vessel, and, as he dared not confront the latter without his passport, on the very threshold of liberty he was compelled to renounce his project. At this point he was determined to make a further attempt to reach the Lake of Ladoga, and the Neva, and proceed to St. Petersburg.

At Schlusburg he made a cheap bargain with the master of a steam vessel bound for Riga, and thence he traversed Courland and Lithuania, till he got to the Prussian frontier. Here, between Pologna and Kurszany, he ran the gauntlet of the frontier guard, was fired at, but escaped, and ultimately reached Konigsberg. At Konigsberg he was arrested and thrown into prison, when he appealed to the compassion of the chief authorities, and to their astonishment detailed his extraordinary escape. To their credit be it said, they were shocked at the obligation to deliver up a man who had made such efforts to regain his freedom, and they connived at his escape by way of Germany to France.

THE EXPLOSION AT SAG HARBOR.

The telegraph has informed us of the death of General Charles T. James, from injuries received by the explosion of a shell at Sag Harbor, on Thursday morning. The details of the catastrophe are sadly interesting.

For nearly two years General James has from time to time experimented with his new weapons near Sag Harbor. Yesterday, about a hundred persons interested in artillery, met at the accustomed rendezvous to witness further tests. A twelve-pounder throwing a twenty-four pound shell was used, and a number of highly successful shots had been made, when the "plunger" was fasted into the fatal shell. The cap had been on this plunger for some time, and just before firing General James determined to put on a new cap. Had he removed the plunger from the shell and then charged the cap, or had he carefully done so with his fingers, all would have been well. But long familiarity with and constant handling of projectiles, had made him rather careless, and he used, thoughtlessly, a pincers to remove the cap. The friction unexpectedly ignited the fulminating matter, and in an instant the explosion had occurred.

General James, with the gunner, was standing directly by the gun, and was hit in the thigh, the foot and the side of the head, the latter wound undoubtedly being the fatal one. He was at once removed to the Mansion House and carefully tended. The gunner, Henry Beverlow, of Sag Harbor, was reported killed instantly; but this is a mistake, as he was alive up to last night. Several of the spectators standing near by were more or less hurt, among them Captain James Smith, Mr. H. P. Byram, and M. Berger, a French Engineer of distinction, who is visiting this country to inspect the American improvements in fire-arms. The French consul despatched a special surgeon today to attend to his case.

The accident was caused by fatal thoughtlessness, and was not owing to any defect of the projectile or gun.

General James, who owes his death to his own wonderful invention, was a native of Rhode Island, in which state he had long filled high positions. His military title he claimed from being Major General of the Rhode Island State militia. From 1851 to 1857 he represented his State in the United States Senate. He was by profession an engineer, and had superintended the construction of some of the largest manufacturing establishments in New England. Although not professionally an artillerist, General James had devoted his large leisure for over thirty years to careful study of the science of artillery. His invention came from no sudden thought, but were the results of unwearied toil and repeated experiment. He anticipated in some of his inventions the famous Minie ball, and claimed to be the original inventor of the main features of the Parrott and other well-known guns. His projectiles were in frequent use in our army, and had attracted the attention of foreign artillerists. General James was about fifty-six years of age. He leaves a wife and four children.

THE PIRATE SEMMES' OPERATIONS.

Arrival of Paroled Prisoners at Boston.

The Boston papers of Monday last have the accounts, brought by Capt. Saunders, of the operations of Semmes, the pirate, among our commercial vessels. We append the statements of several of the captains relative to their captures, and what was said and done while they were prisoners on board the pirate:

STATEMENT OF CAPTAIN HARDY, OF THE LAMPLIGHTER.

On the 15th inst., when about sixty miles east of Sable Island, in lat. 41.30, lon. 59.17, at daylight in the morning, the weather being thick at the time, the wind blowing from the south west, made a square-rigged steamer, under short sail to the westward. An hour after the weather cleared, and the strange sail, which proved to be the Alabama, ran down across the bow of the Lamplighter, and hoisted the cross of St. George. A few minutes elapsed, when the English flag was hauled down and the rebel flag hoisted. The pirate fired a gun, and the 1st Lieutenant, Call, hailing Capt. Hardy, ordered him to "haul up your foresail, and heave to under our lee!" He did so when the rebel sent an armed boat with six men in charge of the 4th Lieutenant, who ordered Capt. Hardy to take his papers, go on board the Alabama, and see the Captain. He complied, and at the gangway was met by Call, the 1st Lieutenant, who conducted him to the cabin where Captain Semmes demanded, "Your papers, Captain." After examining the documents, Capt Semmes said to Mr. Call, "make preparations to burn her immediately." Capt. Hardy remonstrated against the destruction of his ship, but the only consolation he received was the declaration of Semmes that he "hoped to serve them a d—m sight worse." Capt Hardy was ordered to follow the Lieutenant, and as they went over the side, Captain Semmes, referring to the allowance of baggage for the prisoners, said: "Captains one trunk, other officers and sailors one clothes-bag; set fire to her and return." On returning to the Lamplighter, Capt. Hardy was asked if he had any liquor on board. He refused to answer, but the pirates found a small quantity in the cabin, which, after drinking all they desired, they emptied on the cabin floor. They took oil cans from the locker and poured the contents upon the cabin floor. The ship's mattresses were destroyed, and the cabin furniture broken up. The ship was then set on fire in the cabin and forecastle, and abandoned. Capt. Hardy and his officers and crew were kept on deck, being driven between decks near the smoke stack. Their clothes were wet, yet they were not allowed to change them, and they received nothing to eat until night, when they were given some fat pork and hard bread. Capt. Hardy remained in irons fourteen days. There were no other prisoners on board at the time of his capture, the Tonawanda having received a number some four or five days before. From the officers of the Alabama Capt Hardy learned that the pirates had compelled the captain of the Tonawanda to take an oath that he would land the prisoners in Liverpool. Five of the prisoners taken joined the Alabama. The rebel steamer had been under sail since she left the English Channel; but on the 29th ult. she got up steam, and after discharging her prisoners, stood off in the direction of Sandy Hook. Capt. Semmes told Capt. Saunders, of the Baron de Castine, that his object in releasing his prisoners was to make room for others, as he was determined to burn every Yankee vessel he found afloat.

STATEMENT OF CAPT. WELLS OF THE LAURETTA.

Capt. Wells, of the bark Lauretta, says that when he was in lat. 39.45, lon. 66, about 7½ o'clock on the morning of October 26th, he made a sail on the port bow, standing to the southward, and at nine o'clock made her out to be a steamer under sail alone. When about three-quarters of a mile from her the steamer ran up the St. George's cross, and Capt. Wells showed the American ensign. The steamer then fired a gun and run up the rebel flag.

Capt. W. then hove to, and a boat with an armed crew, under command of 3d Lieut. Wilson, put off from the steamer and came aboard the barque and took possession of her as a prize to the Confederate steamer Alabama, and the officer ordered Capt. Wells to go aboard the steamer with his papers. Capt. Wells was left on board the barque, while Captain Wells went aboard the steamer in the boat. He was then taken into the cabin and Captain Semmes examined his papers and told him he was going to burn the barque. Capt. Wells was then ordered on board his own vessel to get his clothes, being limited to one trunk, and the crew one bag each, and after getting these, Capt. Wells was ordered to get out a boat and again go on board the steamer with his crew, consisting of nine men. The barque was then plundered of what articles they wanted, consisting of sails, instruments, and some stores, and then set on fire about one o'clock of the same day and completely destroyed. The officers and crew of the bark were then put in irons and ordered below under a guard, where they were compelled to eat with the irons on their wrists, and the supply of food was of the poorest description.

The papers of Capt. Wells certified that his cargo was English and Italian property, but Capt. Semmes said he cared nothing for that. The vessel was valued at $10,000, and the cargo, of 6000 barrels of flour, at $16,000. No war risk was taken on this, as it was thought the certificate would protect it.

SEIZURE OF THE BRIG BARON DE CASTINE.

The crews of the captured vessels were kept on board until the next day, when the steamer captured the brig Baron de Castine, Captain Saunders, from Bangor for Cardenas, with a cargo of lumber, in lat. 39, lon. 69. The brig was captured in the same manner as the others were, about 6 o'clock in the evening.

On being ordered to heave to Capt. Saunders at once did so, and went on board the steamer with his papers. Capt. Semmes, on examining these, said they were of no account whatever, and asked Capt. Saunders if he would like to be released and was willing to sign a bond for the vessel and cargo. The Captain said he was willing to do anying to get clear. Capt. Semmes then prepared a bond for $4000 on the vessel, and $2000 on the cargo, which Capt. Saunders signed. Capt. Semmes then proposed putting his prisoners on board the brig, and Captain Saunders said it would be impossible for him to take so many, there being forty-four all told, when Captain Semmes said that he must take them as that was what his vessel had been released for, and that if it had not been for the prisoners he would have burned the vessel in the same manner as the others, and that Capt. Saunders could build a pen for them on the deck of his brig.

About 10 o